

Graphic

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Politics



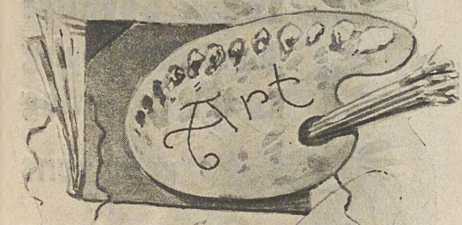
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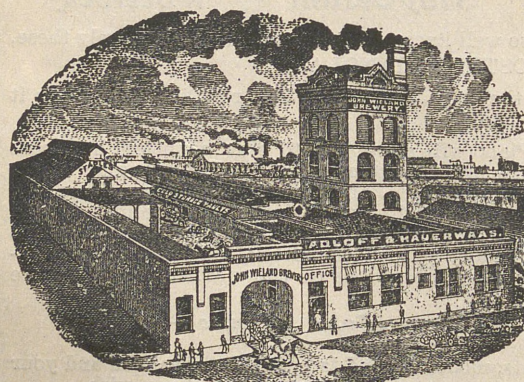
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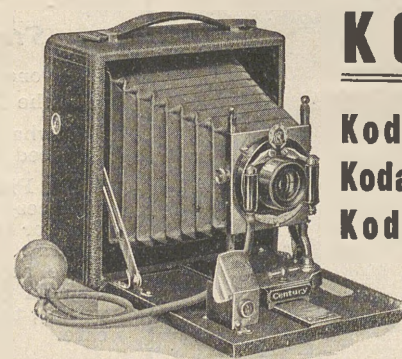
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Who's Who in Los Angeles

XXX.



FRANCIS QUARLES STORY

Although the subject of this sketch has spent sixty years on shore, the observant man might still mistake him for a sailor. The stocky build of a seafaring race is his, and he walks down Spring street with the unmistakable gait of one who has been used to tread the deck. But if F. Q. Story has never been to sea except for pleasure, his father and his forefathers for several generations were wont to set sail in their own ships from Salem, Mass. His father, Capt. John P. Story, who moved from the New

England coast in the early 40's, having accumulated a snug fortune in the merchant service and as an importer on his own account, settled at Waukesha, Wis. Here Francis Quarles Story, whose mother was Elizabeth Quarles, also of Salem, Mass., and a cousin of the Wisconsin senator, was born in July, 1845. Young Story graduated from high school when sixteen years of age, and for a term taught in a country school.

In early youth Mr. Story had well considered his

career, and determined to equip himself with the best business training possible. He took a course at Eastman's Commercial College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and then spent a year at his ancestors' home at Salem, living with his uncle, who was president of a large insurance company. Thence he went to Boston, entering a commission and importing house in which, in his second year, he was given charge of the books at a fair salary. By this time he had determined to what branch of business endeavor he would apply himself, and in 1864 he went to work in a woolen mill, where he remained for six months, sorting wool and working twelve hours a day without a penny of pay. The next step in his preparation was a term of training in a large commission house in New York, where he handled fleeces, and also received no salary.

In 1868 young Story was ready to start business for himself, and opened offices in Boston as a wool broker. At the end of a year he purchased a mill. Therein he thoroughly learned the art of preparing wool for the market and appreciating shrinkage, which is a very important factor in this business, since it ranges from five to no less than seventy-five per cent. In 1870 he returned to Boston, and made a great success of importing wools until the Boston fire, two years later, when, heavily insured in strong local companies, he found himself virtually "broke," because of their failure to pay more than 25 per cent. on his losses. Nothing daunted, however, by such misfortune, he succeeded in over-riding the crisis, and again building for himself an independence. But the enormous amount of anxiety and over-work incidental to such reverses had their effect upon his health, and in the winter of 1874 he was ordered to Southern California to recuperate. He spent three winters in this vicinity, returning each spring to his business. But in 1876 he determined to sell out and come to the coast to live. He first settled in San Francisco, becoming a partner of the B. P. Flint Co., wool-shippers. In 1880 he returned to Massachusetts for a year, but again the magic of California drew him. Returning to San Francisco he sold out his wool business, and in 1883 came to Los Angeles to spend the remainder of his days. Mr. Story purchased some half hundred acres at Alhambra and built his home there just twenty-three years ago, intending to lead a peaceful and pastoral life, for his doctors had advised him that his lungs were in a precarious condition, and he must take great care of himself. His nature, however, was not one to allow him to keep aloof from the busy haunts of men and the turmoil of human activities. First he made things grow on his ranch at Alhambra, then was the moving spirit in the building of a public school house, and during the boom he was instrumental in organizing the San Gabriel Rapid Transit Railway Co., of which he was subsequently treasurer and general manager. But it was to the citrus fruit industry he applied his main energies and for twenty years he has been a foremost factor in the development of Southern California's most attractive product.

Mr. Story joined the Chamber of Commerce in 1891, was elected director in 1896 and president in 1902. He has served on the Chamber's directory continually since 1896, and during this period, be-

sides the regular duties pertaining to the standing committees, has been a tower of strength in many of the most important enterprises connected with the Chamber's work. He was chairman of the Citrus Tariff Executive Committee, which secured a duty of a cent per pound on all citrus fruits, in 1897.

He was chairman of the executive committee of the Nicaraguan Canal Association, which stayed in the fight until Congress passed a bill to build the Panama Canal in 1899.

In 1898 Mr. Story was appointed chairman of the local committee for the National Educational Association Convention, a committee which after months of arduous labor, brought to this city in July 1899, over 23,000 people, a very large proportion of whom were teachers and who probably gave the State the very best advertising it has ever received. The Chamber of Commerce passed special resolutions commending "the pre-eminent services of Director Francis Quarles Story."

Whereas, It is known to the members of this Board that Director Story accepted the appointment somewhat reluctantly, but having accepted, he addressed himself to the vexing problems presented with such industry, skill and fidelity as to meet and receive the voluntary acknowledgment from the officers and members of the National Educational Association that all the promises made by this Board of the Executive Committee, when that committee visited this city last October, have been more than fulfilled, and that they had never before found such thorough preparations made by a local committee in their behalf.

Therefore, Be it resolved: That we hereby tender to Director Story the sincere thanks of this Chamber of Commerce for his success in guiding, as its chairman, the deliberations and actions of the Executive Committee, and hereby express the appreciation of this Board of the compliment conferred upon it by his extraordinary services as its representative on this important occasion.

It may well be believed that the engrossed copy of these resolutions is one of the most prized treasures in Mr. Story's Alhambra home. It would be impossible to enumerate all the services that Mr. Story has rendered the Chamber and the public. Indefatigable industry and a rare sense of the truest public spirit have frequently led Mr. Story to great personal sacrifices. At the time of his work for the N. E. A. convention, he was appointed receiver for one of the largest businesses in this city, and frequently his work kept him in his office past midnight too late to catch a car, when he would ride home to Alhambra on his wheel.

In 1891 Mr. Story was chairman of the Chamber of Commerce building committee which succeeded in raising the requisite bonus and subscription to the bonds necessary to build the new Chamber of Commerce building, which cost with the lot, nearly \$350,000. In January, 1903, he was appointed chairman of the Chamber's General Methodist Conference Committee which raised the funds necessary to bring the International Methodist Conference to this city.

In the ranks of the orange growers his services have been invaluable, as a champion for co-operation and against unjust treatment by private car compan-

ies and railroads. In 1896 he was made president of the Alhambra Orange Growers' Association, and in 1897 was elected president of the Semi-Tropic Fruit Exchange, having held both offices continuously since. He had been vice-president of the Southern California Fruit Agency during its existence, and upon its dissolution was elected president of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. Recently Mr. Story was made chairman of the executive committee of the Citrus Protective League of California. For over ten years Mr. Story has been a director of the First National Bank.

Such a life, strenuous indeed, is surely a splendid example of worthy citizenship. Things have not always come Mr. Story's way. Early in life, when twenty-seven years of age, he had to face a bitter stroke of misfortune, and in his own words he tells the story of the struggle:

"At the time of the great Boston fire of 1872, I occupied the lofts of one of the most substantial granite buildings in the city largely filled with imported wools. The granite was reduced to fine pebbles and sand; the wool utterly destroyed, and as I remember it, every local insurance company failed, which necessarily caused a great many other failures. At the end of two weeks, I realized that I was reduced financially from a competence to about \$10,000 less than nothing. I informed my uncle, with whom I was living, and Samuel H. Rindge, father of the late Frederick H. Rindge, of my financial condition, and

of my earning power of the past three years, and of my desire that no one else should know how badly I was involved. They aided me in meeting all my liabilities as they fell due, and no one denied me credit. Though accompanied with more or less anxiety, there is no time of my business career that I recall with more satisfaction than this period of my life. In three years I once more had a modest competence, but the steady night and day work—one week during special stress of work at store and mill. I lay down but once from Monday morning till Saturday night—caused severe hemorrhages of the lungs, which in a few years caused me to move permanently to California."

As far as I can discover Mr. Story has allowed himself but scant recreation other than that of the hardest kind of work and Sundays spent in his orange grove. He is president of the San Gabriel Valley Country Club Association, but has yet to make time to play golf. A finer exhibit of either of Los Angeles enterprise or of the complete recovery of health and strength that this boon climate gives cannot be found than in the person of F. Q. Story.

In 1876 Mr. Story was married to Miss Charlotte Forrester Devereux, daughter of a distinguished Massachusetts family, and some nine years ago he suffered the inestimable bereavement by Mrs. Story's death. Mr. Story has no children of his own. Perhaps that is why he is so willing to be a paterfamilias, beloved and most prized, of this community.

Los Angeles Women at Home

BY CATHERINE ROBERTSON HAMLIN

XIX.

Miss Elizabeth L. Kenney

Chatting with Miss Elizabeth L. Kenney, a gifted woman lawyer of Los Angeles, the wonder grows that more young and prepossessing women do not qualify for the bar. After all, when one thinks of it, the gown is the most womanly garment that can be donned, and for Portia there is no awkwardness in the clinging draperies for she has worn such from her earliest childhood, never having, as is the case with the masculine lawyer, cast them contemptuously aside for less graceful if more utilitarian costume. As conversation with Miss Kenney progresses, the marvel is not that other women have not entered the field but that this girl of flower-like fragility has kept her health through the years of hard and unceasing toil.

Miss Kenney has roomy offices in the Bullard Block and I found her closeted with a client who had far exceeded the limit of time that had been accorded her. I sat, one of a group of several women, and men also, awaiting my turn.

"I had no idea that you were such a busy woman," I began, beside the big desk where Miss Kenney sat in the midst of musty documents.

"You struck an unfortunate hour," the little lawyer responded, sympathetically.

"Then do you have idle hours—?"

"I wonder if anyone who knows the routine would take that view of it," interrupted Miss Kenney, with quiet sarcasm in her tone.

"Do you work eight hours a day?" scanning the weary but alert face.

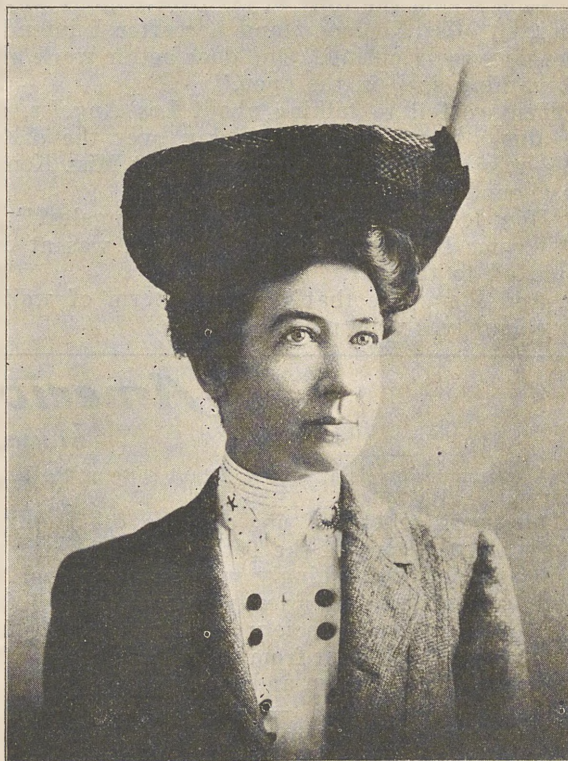


PHOTO BY PALACE STUDIO

Miss Elizabeth L. Kenney

Miss Kenney laughed. "You forget that I am my own mistress and am therefore not tied down to hours."

"You come down at any old hour?" I said, glibly.

"If you can find it in your conscience so to describe eight o'clock," she replied, more mirthfully. "I am sure that I am never later than that but I am oftener much earlier."

"Still, you do not often stay as late as this; it is nearly six, and they will be expecting you home to dinner," I hazarded, "and, really, you have not told me a thing."

"You do not expect me to commit myself, especially when I do not know on what line you desire to cross-examine?" retorted Miss Kenney, the professional spirit rampant.

"Let us begin at the beginning—"

"A good start," interpolated the daughter of law.

"How long have you been practicing your profession, Miss Kenney?"

"Let me see," she mused, "I went to Stanford but did not graduate from there; I merely took the law course. Then I took a law degree at the Northwestern University, which is really in Evanston, but which is always known as being in Chicago. I was graduated from there in 1897. My! but it is an age ago," she sighed, the womanly quality coming to the front. "And I have worked all these years without a vacation, at least until two weeks ago when I simply left word with my stenographer that I would not be in that day or probably the next, and hied me to the Potter, in Santa Barbara, where I remained for a whole long, delightful week, just doing nothing, not even permitting a stray thought to cross my mind."

"But you will be ill," I cautioned, "if you go that pace."

"I am seeing the folly of my over-zealous ways," admitted Miss Kenney, "and hereafter I intend to take my yearly outing. One does better work after a breathing spell in the open."

Then we fell to talking about Los Angeles, and the dusks were dropping thickly over the distant hills before we awoke to the fact that Miss Kenney was bound for the theater.

"How long have you been in Los Angeles?"

"I came here in October, 1897, and was at once admitted to the bar."

"And I suppose that the usual term of waiting for clients was your portion?"

"No, I was occupied from the very first day and I have not had an idle hour since."

"Then law is a profitable profession for a woman?"

"Yes, indeed, I think it is," was the enthusiastic reply.

"And you have no sense of embarrassment in pleading a case in court?" I queried.

"Not now. At first it was difficult for me, especially as I am naturally timid. But I soon learned that to the woman who has no coquetry but who attends strictly to the business of the hour men are the most delightful of friends and counselors. I never permit a man lawyer to give way to me because of my sex. I want what is my due but no favors that would not be accorded to another man."

"Then you can think of nothing more delightful and satisfying than the practice of law?"

"Nothing unless it be a home, and to be the wife of a good man is of course the supreme bliss of every rational woman," she said with simple dignity.

"Are you the only woman practicing law in Los Angeles?" I asked, for women lawyers had reached a pinnacle in my mind and I fain would meet others of the sisterhood.

"There is Sara Wilde Houser. At least there was, but she is married and since a baby came she has abandoned the law office for the nursery. And Miss Watson is also a lawyer, but I am not personally acquainted with her. Miss Bertha Lebus, too, is admitted to the bar, and she is perfectly wonderful. Indeed, it is seldom that a girl is as splendidly endowed with gray matter as she, and she is wealthy, too."

"Wealth and gray matter do not assimilate?" I ejaculated, "Is that your meaning, Miss Kenney?"

"No, no," quickly contradicted the attorney, with professional sharpness. "You will misunderstand."

"Oh, I see. It is women who are not always supplied with gray matter."

"Women are as brainy as men," Miss Kenney retorted, setting me right. "They have not had as many opportunities in the past but in the future we shall see—"

"What we shall see," I said, kindly finishing the sentence for her.

"That was not my phrase," smiled Miss Kenney, "but it is not polite to contradict, and so.—"

American Manners

BY MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR

"American society is at best a distant copy of the British original."

This sentence struck my eye the other day in looking over a copy of the *Tatler*. Doubtless it was carelessly and unthinkingly written, but never was there a statement with a less modicum of truth in it than this. American society and American fashions are absolutely different from those in England; they are essentially American and nothing else.

In every foreign country there is an idea that Englishwomen get up at a preternaturally early hour in the morning, take an ice-cold bath, have fresh, rosy cheeks, and descend to ham and eggs clothed in tweeds and thick, low-heeled boots made like a man's. If they were authoritatively informed that many fashionable ladies take boiling hot baths and languidly come downstairs at 10 o'clock in the morn-

ing wearing Louis Quinze heels, fancy silk blouses, and the rose and white of the complexion assisted with a soupçon of powder and rouge they would absolutely not believe it.

Every boot shop window in New York has a row of "English boots" ranged on a shelf; they are very thick, they are made of blacking leather, they have broad, projecting soles and low, flat heels. They are exceedingly comfortable to walk in and very practical for the country, but Regent Street and Oxford Street could be searched for the same thing from end to end and they could not be found.

Society in America is intimate, gay, lively, and people are interested in each other. Everybody talks

and laughs at once; people are joking, cheerful, hopeful, and confident. Is this a correct description of English society? Not as I have seen it. There is a rooted idea in England that to be thoroughly well bred one must be impersonal, and long years ago Ouida wittily remarked that if English people were debarred talking about Mr. Gladstone or the weather a dead silence all over the country would be the result.

Stopping at an English hydropathic establishment some time ago a gentleman and lady sitting opposite each other at table had a long and interesting conversation of fifteen minutes about runic crosses. Apparently the lady spent her whole life in the search for runic crosses, and the gentleman spent his in looking them up for the lady.

It seems there is quite a fine specimen near Malvern—a very pure runic and intensely interesting because the inscription on it is most difficult even for antiquarians to decipher, and nobody is quite certain of the sentiment on that cross. It was about eight miles away, but this lady (a delicate spinster) intended by easy stages to reach it on some fine morning, to lunch near it, and presumably to sit by it the entire afternoon.

There was a great discussion as to whether any photographs could be obtained of it, and whatever else of importance I shall forget in my life that runic cross will always remain in my memory. I doubt if even the gravest-minded statesman in America has the slightest interest in a runic cross. No; the American mind and the American manner are absolutely individual; the very basis of society is built upon an absolutely different foundation from that in England. The fabric is woman, the trimming is man; here the fabric is man, the trimming is woman.

It is the fashion in America for women to be agreeable, cordial, affectionate, friendly, and complimentary to each other. If an American woman wants appreciation or wants a compliment or wants a confidante she can get it in another woman; therefore she is more independent than her English sisters, who must depend upon the soothing prevarications or the truthful compliments, as the case may be, of man for her comfort and happiness.

You can go to Sherry's, the great fashionable, magnificent restaurant, or to the Waldorf-Astoria, or to the St. Regis, or to the Holland House any day and as a spectator stand silently at the door and look over the dining-rooms. What do you see? Table after table of women giving lunches to each other. Perhaps one who has been shopping or who has come from the country will tardily rush in; she will be kissed and admonished by everybody at the table, and will be perhaps the gayest of the party.

If you listen intently you can hear these remarks: "What an awfully pretty gown! Paris? You do look smart today." "Isn't she a love?" "Doesn't she look cunning today?" "And all that lovely wavy grey hair gives her no trouble at all; she just has to pass a comb through it and it is done." "Mary, you do hold yourself like a queen; what a nice straight back you have got." "Well, I ought to have; I worked like a dog at the Boston School of Physical

Culture for three years to make it straight." "Really! And did that do it? I think I will go and take lessons to-morrow." "Now when are you coming to have lunch with me?" "Who is going to have coffee?" "Anybody want a cocktail?" "Oh, those lovely roses you sent me yesterday! 'Twas so sweet of you." "My dear, Cornelia Gould sent me a bunch of violets from Boston in a box tied with purple ribbon, quite as big as your head; she is such a dear." And so and so on. Is this the conversation that you hear at the Carlton or Prince's Restaurant? No; everybody is playing lady in England. Naturalness is not the fashion; artificiality is.

In the evening another side of the picture is given at the fashionable restaurants in New York, and after England where such court is paid to men one has to rub one's eyes to realize that it is not a dream or a vision but actual reality. You will see at many tables four or six people dining; two women and two men or three women and three men or more as the case may be, the women beautifully dressed, radiantly smiling, cheerful, and interested, the men somewhat silent, occupied in rolling up little bread pills because they are temporarily forgotten by the women who are so interested in each other.

They are listening and very pleased, but they realize that their presence is not absolutely necessary for the success of the party. And wherever women depend largely upon each other for pleasure, companionship and comfort, there you will find gaiety and cheerfulness, for however much a woman may like the society of men the greater portion of her life must be spent with her own sex. There are times of sickness, of sorrow, of death, when she must put her head upon the shoulder of some woman and weep, for she only can understand.

There is in America a man famous for athletic exercises who has written a most helpful book upon the subject. In it he says, "I am not a doctor, therefore I have no opinion about the brain of a woman, but give a man and a woman exactly the same healthy, athletic bringing up, with the same outdoor exercises, and the woman is quite equal to the man in physique. She may have even better staying powers than he." This is certainly a most encouraging assertion; note, however, that it is made by an American man.

An American woman is not afraid by extreme graciousness of manner to compromise herself into intimacy; it is simply manner, and is simply calculated to make another human being at ease and comfortable for the moment. You will see utter strangers in America talking amiably and agreeably to each other who are never to meet again—only "ships that pass in the night." In England if one human being is too amiable and too agreeable everyone suspects him of some ulterior motive. When I first came to this country to live I was always gracious to my servants until I suspect they thought I was trying to get into society with them. An American servant is impudent to your face; an English servant is impudent behind your back and takes it out of you in some other way. It is a choice of evils. Which is best?

In the Southern states people still talk about

women or men with "good manners" or "charming manners," and when I went over to America this last time it sounded to me very antediluvian to talk about manners at all but at the same time very charming. As soon as you leave New York the manners change. Travelling in America last autumn, when I reached Washington a young gentleman came forward and said, "Have you a book or anything that I can carry for you?" And I said, "No, thank you." But he discovered that I had an umbrella and a number of papers, and he picked them all up, carried them out of the train, and gave them to the friend who met me.

Really a woman could travel all over America with one or two bags too heavy to carry herself, and she might be quite sure that they would be taken charge of by different polite men whom she would meet on the journey; and she need not be young or pretty to have this done—she need only be a woman. In New York men do not always get up and offer a

woman a seat in a tram but they very often do; however, New York is no criterion of anything, for many times I got in a tram going up or down town and there was not a single American in it—Jews, Germans, Italians, Scandinavians, all jostle each other in that conglomerate spot.

One word more as to servants. A competent general servant easily gets 32s. a week. In consequence of labor being as dear as it is American women can do everything; they can cook, they can sew, and they can all button up their blouses or unbutton them down the back with lightning-like rapidity although one of the jokes in the comic papers is that a bachelor had to move from a boarding-house because he had so many blouses to fasten up the back. Ladies' maids in America are only luxuries of the very rich, consequently brothers and husbands are called into requisition for many a little service of which an Englishman is quite ignorant.—The Tatler.

Aftermath of Ascot

BY HIDALGO

The race-track is closed for a year. The man with the diamond as big as a hickory nut, is snoozing away in an Eastern-bound Pullman car while the touts are riding the brake-beams underneath him. The old pioneer trainer whose plaint of "My hoss orter hev won," is as familiar as the cry of the program peddler or the hot sausage man, has ridden away on his spindle-shanked thoroughbred (so-called) and sought the seclusion of his hovel which is never as clean as the stall in which he slept beside his horse while the "Star Spangled Banner" floated over the grand stand and the band played "Bedelia." Well, all things have to come to an end, some time or other—even ourselves.

The meeting just closed was a comparatively clean one but it would have been less open to suspicion under a different ownership. Had not the stern and incorruptible Hamilton been hampered with the fact that his salary came from the syndicate of bookmakers who have held control of the stock of Ascot Park ever since the death of John A. Muir, there would have been no waiting till the last of February for the ax to fall. The dull thud of the official guillotine would have been heard long before the yule-log began to smoulder upon the hearthstone. To make this more plain to the average reader, it must be stated that the chief revenue of continuous racing is derived from bookmakers, who pay \$20 for each race on which they handle the public's money, with a further daily charge of \$10 for stationery, jockey slips, etc. It therefore is plain that the establishment of one bookmaker's booth in the betting ring is worth as much to the association as one hundred and thirty paid admissions at the gates of the track. The number of bookmakers who "cut in" or draw for places twice a week, depends largely upon the number of horses starting in each race. Therefore, if Judge Hamilton had been earning his salary from the people other than bookmakers, he would have displayed a very just degree of severity from the beginning. When it merely means the ruling off of some poor devil whose one horse is all that keeps him on this side of the almshouse, no objection would probably be made. But when it came down to the expulsion of the owner or manager of a

stable consisting of from twelve to twenty horses, then the cry would go up from the betting-ring "You are spoiling the game and driving away horses. We cannot make book here if you enforce punishment like this." With a track owned by such men as James R. Keene, Andrew Miller, John G. Follansbee, Henry Oxnard and August Belmont, the esteemed Col. Hamilton would have begun his disciplining operations earlier.

The Board of Directors of the Jockey Club was chiefly to blame. It was well known to them that this quarrel between McCafferty and Durnell was in full blast at the East, at least six months before their arrival at Los Angeles. What they should have done was to have called a little off-hand meeting at the track before the first week's racing was ended, and then said to the warring parties, "Here, you fellows have got into a wrangle and you don't know where it is going to stop, for you are bound to drag in others before you get thought with it; and this Club will be the only real sufferer in the long run. Now we will give you just two days either to patch up your difficulties or take your horses away from our track." What would have been the result? Why, the selling race war would have ended right there and then, for McCafferty knew he could not race at Oakland, in the name of "J. A. Wernberg" or anybody else; and with him once quieted down, there would be no more trouble.

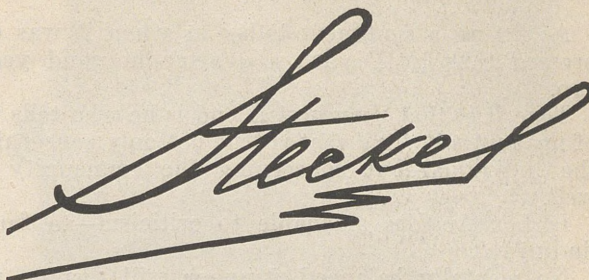
Of one thing I am certain. Late as it came, the punishment meted out to Durnell and McCafferty was of material benefit to the concern, just as a thunderstorm clears the atmosphere. The attendance (by which term I mean the paid admissions) at the track increased not less than fifteen per cent as soon as the decision was handed down; and it so continued to the very end of the meeting, in spite of as rainy weather as could be found in forty years' history of our beautiful and growing city. You cannot exaggerate the value of an upright and inflexible magisterial officer like Archibald Hamilton. For his associate I have not much to say. He is a pleasant, affable sort of fellow with a somewhat elastic conscience, in the matter of close finishes; and altogether too intimate with bookmakers, when off duty, for

the good of the turf, but he will remain just where he is, as long as Ascot Park continues in its present ownership.

The staff of Ascot Park needs reorganization in other ways, not that there should be a removal of any one man from his present post of duty. The clerk of the course, or "racing secretary," as he is here called, should be one person and the handicapper another. The clerk of the scales should be restricted to that position and a third judge appointed, if three are absolutely necessary, of which I have always had my doubts. And the judicial part of the work should be separated entirely from the business department of the course. Last summer the New York Jockey Club was informed by the Metropolitan Bookmakers' Association that one Cavanaugh, who managed the betting ring, was exceedingly objectionable and that they desired his removal. The next day, the Metropolitan Association was notified that the Jockey Club was perfectly satisfied with Mr. Cavanaugh, and did not propose to remove him; and further, that they could make book on all tracks under the control of the Jockey Club without paying any more than the customary admission fee at the gates, which is \$3 per day. That was the greatest blow ever struck for the integrity of the American turf, for it proclaimed an immediate divorce—mensa et thoro—of the judges' stand from the betting ring. It taught the House of Bondage a lesson which will be recollected for some time to come, although it cost the tracks a loss of at least \$8,000 a day for the rest of the season.

Here such a thing would be impossible because, as I have shown, the \$130 paid in daily by the bookmakers, is the chief source of income and the "gate money" is a very insignificant figure. Once cut off the revenue arising from the knights of the chalk and buckskin, and your track would have hard work to pay the purses of two races daily. There has been an average of eighteen bookmakers at Ascot Park during the entire winter, so that the "privilege" money must have paid the purses for five days out of every six. I have heard a great deal said about an impending change of management but I don't believe there is anything of the kind. Certainly, I should not desire to see it unless there is a change of ownership. And while on that subject, let me remark that there have been two offers made for the plant during the past winter, both of which have been declined as insufficient. One of these came from a friend of John W. Gates, of the steel trust, while the other emanated from the notorious firm of Cella, Adler & Tilles, the men who control the tracks about St. Louis; and whose iniquities caused the forcible stand taken by Governor Folk in closing up those tracks during the past year. I am fond of racing and take an interest in everything belonging thereto, but I would rather see every race track between Sitka and Los Angeles plowed up and given over to the culture of corn and turnips than to see that St. Louis gang once acquire a foothold in this State. They had two books in operation at Ascot Park, during the past winter, not so much for immediate pecuniary profit as to spy out the land before making the offer. If ever they get a foothold here, you may count me in as one of the leaders of an anti-racing crusade, to extend all the way from Los Angeles to the shores of the great inland gulf where old Rainier mirrors his face in the sea and blushes at the praises of his beauty from a half million of tongues.

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As the Stranger Sees Us

BY JOHN KNICKERBOCKER.

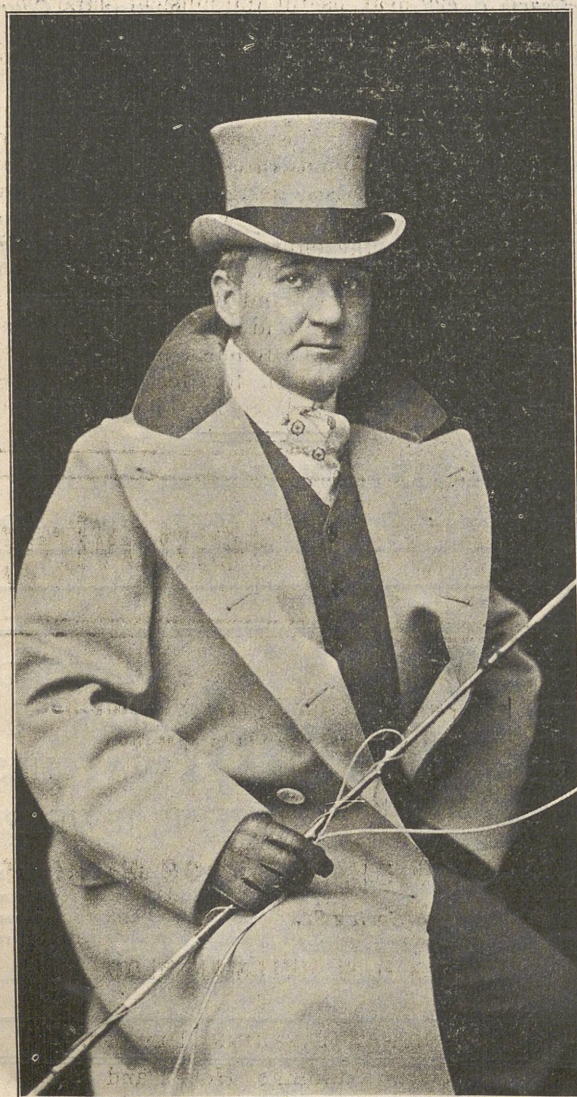
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.

As fitting a sentiment today as when it was expressed thus by Dryden a quarter-thousand years ago.

True it is that "my best friend is he who tells me of my faults." And that is true not only concerning the individual but concerning the community as well.

Is Los Angeles amenable to criticism—to fault-finding?

No mentally balanced stranger will dispute the general proposition that Los Angeles is a charming city, a delightful dwelling place. That meed of praise is an involuntary offering on the part of visitors. But it is a human hand-made city. It is no Aladdin-like creation, nor is it of the kind of structure that Paul describes as "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



A. E. Ashbrook

*Sec. of the Kansas City Horse Show Association Under
Whose Direction the Los Angeles Horse Show
Will be Held Next Month. Mr. Ashbrook
is a Celebrated Whip.*

Los Angeles has its faults, some of which are quite obvious to the discerning stranger. No sane and intelligent visitor would expect perfection in a hustling urban youngster of the west that was in village knickerbockers less than two decades ago.

And so, when the discerning visitor goes about in Los Angeles, with eyes and ears keenly alert, he finds many things to measure by the standard of his experience and observation elsewhere.

The observer not only sees and hears but he also criticises. The more extensive his travels and the wider his acquaintance with other cities the more likely he is to point out faults and defects in accordance with his conclusions.

But that is where the discreet stranger makes a mistake. If he values his mental peace during his sojourn in Los Angeles he should either chant a paen, without a single discordant note, or "hold his tongue."

Nothing so greatly surprises the traveled visitor in Los Angeles, as the jar caused by any adverse criticism he may make relative to the city or to Southern California generally. Any such observation appears to be rated as rank sectional treason, a thing to be resented by every resident, man, woman or child, regardless of race, color or fighting weight.

One of the first lessons learned by the newcomer in Los Angeles is to talk to himself when he feels like giving expression to views in any way derogatory to the glory and greatness of the Southern California metropolis. The alternative is to sieze the other horn of the dilemma and everlastingly praise all he sees.

And woe to the sojourner who puts his thoughts of adverse criticism on paper and sends them "back east" to be paraded in print. The local newspapers pounce upon and rend him as Siberian wolves rend their victims.

Why should Los Angeles be thus supersensitive to the stranger's criticism of its obvious faults and defects? The shortcomings are not comparatively numerous and but few are glaring. The average visitor, of large acquaintance with cities abroad, will credit this city with a minimum of causes for criticism. Compared with the large American cities Los Angeles occupies an enviable position. But in no other city is it popularly regarded as a criminal offense to intimate that there is anything lacking in the elements of urban greatness.

As a matter of hard-boiled fact, there are a good many things in Los Angeles deserving of the stranger's criticism, and the stranger who points them out is deserving of thanks rather than censure. It is not the purpose of these lines, however, to go into details in this respect. The average citizen of Los Angeles knows, in a general way, wherein this city is lacking as compared with the more progressive cities of the east. It is only necessary to call attention to the fact that such eastern cities have mudless and dustless streets, beautiful suburban drives and boulevards, handsome steel bridges spanning their rivers, public drinking fountains, etc.

Los Angeles, "lay not that flattering unction to your soul" that, among the cities of the world, you are the colossal "it."

And yet, Los Angeles is deserving of greater credit

for what it has accomplished within the few years of its urban majority than most other American cities that are old enough to be its urban father, grandfather or even great-grandfather.

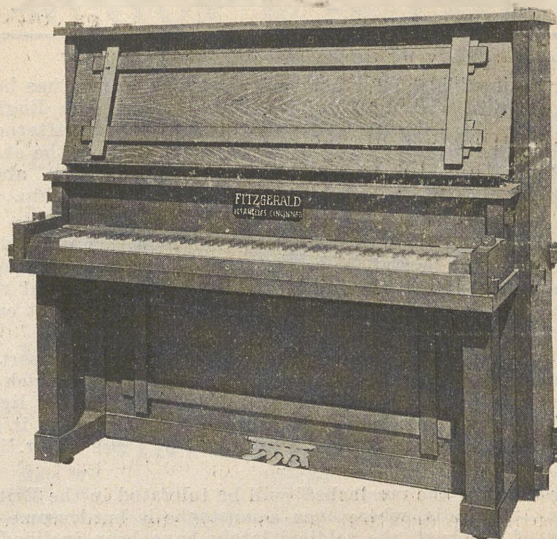
And it is pleasingly noticeable, finally, that the criticisms of strangers have been productive of good results in spurring the civic pride of Los Angeles. There is a pronounced awakening all along the line of the city's progressive population in favor of taking the criticisms good naturedly and profiting by them. While in the act of writing these lines I see a report of a comprehensive plan of civic improvement and embellishment looking to a realization of all that has been worked out by advanced thought in the foremost cities abroad.

Pushed by the characteristic zeal and energy of the cultured women of Los Angeles, and backed by the progressive spirit of its leading male citizens in all laudable lines of endeavor, Los Angeles is entering upon an era of its history that will eliminate the defects pointed out by critics.

Why should it not? Even the most captious critic is dumb in the effort to find fault with the natural advantages of this city. There is not another city on earth that fully matches it in lavish natural gifts. Situated partly on slightly hills and partly on a beautiful plain, it is ideally adapted for striking and picturesque effect in artificial improvement. And then, the setting of this site in surroundings of lofty mountains and ocean grandeur lends a charm that challenges the admiration of all travelers.

The elaborate plan now roughly outlined for the city's civic improvement indicates that the provincial antipathy to criticism already is giving away before the pressure of metropolitan advancement. The superiority of other cities, in certain respects, is inspiring a determination to emulate and if possible to surpass. The idea has taken root, and soon will begin to yield fruit, that the city's natural advantages should be supplemented to the full limit by the best that artificial means can suggest.

So. California Piano



Mr. J. T. Fitzgerald, of the Fitzgerald Music and Piano Co., of Los Angeles, has designed and manufactured a very neat, useful and musical piano which is bound to reflect credit on the title that it bears, "Fitzgerald, Los Angeles." The piano is of thoroughly original design, but entirely faithful to the lines of mission furniture, and the instrument will make an artistic and most pleasing effect in any drawing room. It demonstrates the harmony of musical quality in its artistic design, every detail showing the deft touch of skilled workmanship, just as every note reveals the impress of tone-science. The "Fitzgerald" is undoubtedly a modern instrument in principle, construction and design, and its manufacturer may well be proud of it as an admirable example of piano art. Its dimensions are: Length, four feet nine inches; width, five feet three inches; depth, two feet three and one-half inches; and its very moderate price is \$400.



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Whirl of the Week

Foreign.

A fashionable fad for London's "smart" women has been started by a successful balloon voyage across the English channel. Starting from London at 2:15 in the afternoon a balloon with the first feminine passenger to cross the channel landed twenty miles inland in France at 5:30, about equalling the time scheduled by railway and steamship.

In London a feminine school teacher must not only shun matrimony but be "above suspicion" of harboring a thought about it. Anyway, the mere wearing of an engagement ring is sufficient cause for dismissal, as reported in a recent case.

A professor in the Vienna university, who is an expert in radiology, has discovered a remarkable substance which he has named "wismuth." Taken with ordinary food, it lights up the stomach, disclosing the source of disease. But it has none of the peculiar after effects caused by "fire water."

No "fall of the mustache" will be tolerated in the British army. In India, where even a mustache is burdensome because of the heat, the soldiers lately have been inclined to dispense with the upper lip adornment. But an order from headquarters admonishes them that "the mustache is a military institution of ancient date and a stop must be put to the mustache shaving practice."

Three men are under sentence of death in Mexico City for having killed an old woman whom they believed to be a witch. It is said that "belief in witchcraft prevails among the lower classes in the rural districts, and many crimes result from the superstition." Another example of the lagging of Mexican civilization behind that of the United States. The fashion of killing witches in our country went out of vogue about two hundred years ago.

The robbery of a bank in the heart of Moscow, which yielded the robbers nearly half a million dollars in cash,

takes from America the first prize for achievement in the "hold-up" line. Only two American exploits of the kind equal the one in Moscow, and both of them occurred many years ago.

National.

Now it is said that John D. Rockefeller has gone into seclusion because of aggravated stomach trouble. He is not the first man who proved to be without stomach for a fight with the United States Government.

Plutocrat Pierpont Morgan has given to the New York Museum of natural history "what is considered the finest mastodon specimen in existence." It is characteristic of men of Morgan's class to give away well picked bones.

A report has leaked out that the Senate committee on privileges and elections, which has been sifting the case of Senator Smoot, stands 9 to 5 in favor of unseating the distinguished Mormon.

The Tammany Hall organization in New York has just formulated its "principles for the coming political campaign." This does not mean that any essential change has been made in Tammany's principles. They will continue to be, as was said of the Democratic party's principles long ago, "seven in number—five loaves and two fishes."

In a speed contest at Chicago this week a young woman typewriter wrote 4085 words in thirty minutes. But she was beaten by three men, the highest rate being 4625 words in half an hour, or 154 a minute.

A dispatch from Butte states that "all gambling was stopped here last night." Well may the gambler's paraphrase Caesar—et tu, Butte.

The mountain and coast states of the west are exempt from such eastern visitations as tornadoes and cyclones. But as an offset to that exemption the west, in some sections, is at times visited by terrible mountain slides and avalanches. The loss of life and property reported in Colorado this week, caused by great avalanches, calls to mind Longfellow's "Excelsior."

During a period of about twenty-five years Johann Most enjoyed the infamous distinction of being the chief leader of anarchists in the United States. In all that time his person and his home in New York were under police surveillance.

The personal appearance of United States Attorney-General Moody in the government's prosecution of the Chicago packers is striking evidence of the President's determination to push the matter to the utmost limit.

The Chicago federation of labor has adopted a string of ludicrous resolutions concerning the use of union-made coffins. One of the resolutions, for instance, declares that "no union man shall act as pall bearer at a funeral where a non-union casket is used." A fitting capsheaf would have been this: "No deceased union man shall attend his own funeral if a non-unionist is in the procession."

Trusteeship in life insurance companies may "go begging" henceforth. In order to avoid legal coercion the trustees of the New York Life company have agreed to "pungle up" \$10,000 each to make good the company's contributions for political campaign purposes. Trustees of the other two big companies on the grill will be broiled to a like turn.

As a result of friction between the Senate and the House it is reported from Washington that congress will not be able to agree upon a bill deciding the type of waterway for the Panama canal unless the session is long continued. That gives assurance of a lock system for a time, at least—the deadlock system.

It is a sky-piercer rather than a sky-scraper for which plans have been filed in New York. The structure will be 593 feet high, much higher than any other structure on earth except the Eiffel tower in Paris. The New York sky-piercer, however, is not expected to meet the expectations of the Babel tower architects—"a tower whose top may reach unto heaven."

An Iowa town may rightly claim the most unique issue in the spring municipal elections. The present health officer of that town, who aspires to succeed himself, wears a rank

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growth of whiskers. The anti-germ fad has taken root in the place, and the health officer is warned that he must mow his whiskers or be turned down. He declines to mow.

State.

Investigation proves that a large proportion of the life preservers on San Francisco ferry boats are sinkers instead of floaters. This is another development of graft in that sorely graft-ridden city.

As a contribution to the famine stricken districts of Japan, E. H. Harriman has directed that one thousand tons of freight be carried free to Japan from San Francisco and the same from Portland.

Charges of manslaughter against seven men concerned in the prize fight at San Francisco which recently caused the death of young Tennebaum, or "Tenny," have been entered. It would not be difficult, however, to guess the outcome.

San Diego is likely to have a distinguished acquisition in the person of Mr. Lyman J. Gage, former secretary of the treasury and now president of the United States Trust company in New York. Mr. Gage announces that he soon will retire to private life, and his well known admiration for Katherine Tingley's work at San Diego leads to the belief that he will make his home in the southern city.

Senator Flint has three bills pending which provide for appropriations pertaining to the Pacific coast. One is for \$100,000 wherewith to purchase irrigable land for California Indians who now are located on barren lands. An appropriation of \$150,000 is asked for coast military posts and also \$10,000 for the families of two firemen who were killed in the transport Meade at San Francisco.

The Anti-Saloon League of Eureka is trying to impeach the mayor for failure to close the gambling joints. Report says that "every saloon and cigar store in the city, of which there are upwards of 100, is charged with permitting gambling." The last federal census gives Eureka a population of 4858. With a gambling place for every 50 inhabitants persons inclined to gamble can appreciate the significance of the town's name—"I have found it."

A silk manufactory, which will be the initial one on the Pacific coast, is being installed at San Francisco. It is said the purpose is to locate temporarily in San Francisco and ultimately to move the concern to a point near San Diego where silk will be produced from the worm stage.

Local.

Mr. E. H. Harriman and Southern Pacific interests have absorbed the Los Angeles Pacific Railway.

A gift of \$200 to the county hospital, made by the local Chinese Chamber of Commerce, affords a subject for contemplation of many Americans who make conspicuous profession of "Christian charity."

The chairman of the Democratic state central committee announces from San Francisco that the committee will meet in Los Angeles April 18 "to discuss topics of party policy." That means an overhauling and testing of the long-range Democratic campaign guns.

The vernal equinox, which occurred on Wednesday, brought with it a vivid reminder of the old "equinoctial storm" tradition. Terrific storms were reported in most of the eastern states and there were mild efforts of like kind in Southern California.

The education quality in the atmosphere of a Los Angeles public school must permeate the janitor and possibly the scrub woman. That conclusion is warranted by the dismissal of a "janitress" because her civil service rating in geography, as alleged, was not at high water mark.

"Machine politics," so far as voting is concerned, will have a literal application in Los Angeles at the next election. The voting machines ordered by the city council and the county supervisors are ready for delivery, as announced by the manufacturers.

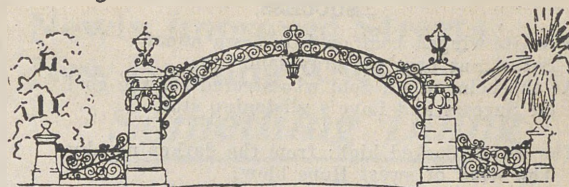
Walter Scott, the Death Valley mystery, has succeeded in getting more free advertising out of the American press than any other man, living or dead. "Scotty" was an obvious fakir at the beginning of his sensational career and his characteristic has been growing more glaring ever since. And the duped newspapers—they "pay the freight."

Now Philadelphians will be convinced that Los Angeles is a "wild and woolly" town of the untamed west. That episode of two Los Angeles detectives pursuing an escaped prisoner in the streets of the Quaker City, with the accompaniment of a revolver fusillade settles the question in the Philadelphia mind.

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SUCCESS.

A white-winged boat on Life's sea afloat
Sailed out past the gray sand bar;
At the helm was a Soul who steered for the goal
Of Success and Love's glistening star.

The waves dashed high: from the darkening sky
The wind of sweet Hope blew:
Fierce swept the blast, the ship sped fast,
But the helmsman steered her through.

And the star of Love in the heavens above
Shone down with a tender light,
Near the far-off shore of the Evermore
Glimmered the harbor bright.

From the cool green bank where the grass grew rank,
Temptation breathed a song,
But the helmsman true steered the brave craft through
Ne'er faltering to the wrong.

Like a babe at rest on its mother's breast
The ship at length lay still,
'The sea was crossed, the bark, storm-tossed,
Must rest at Success's hill.

Not daunted long, his purpose strong,
The helmsman cheerily turned,
And climbed the hill, at the top stood still,
And the heart within him burned,

For the star of Love in the heavens above
Had hidden itself from sight,
And the silent shore of the Evermore
Lay lonely in the night.

And out of place in the awful space,
Like a mortal on God's throne,
The Soul was left of all things bereft,
Successful, but alone.

CARRIE REYNOLDS.

Los Angeles, March, 1906.

The Unexpected

General M. H. Sherman and Mr. E. P. Clark, to whose peculiar policies in their conduct of the Los Angeles Pacific Railway I have had occasion to refer in the past, have done the unexpected thing. Some of the previous chapters of this electric railway's checkered career have been written in the Graphic. The main feature of that history has been the consistently generous treatment accorded to Messrs. Sherman and Clark, first by Mr. Collis P. Huntington and then by his nephew, Mr. Henry E. Huntington. If it had not been for the late Mr. C. P. Huntington's indulgent friendship to General Sherman, and subsequently for Mr. H. E. Huntington's regard for his late uncle's wishes, and also for his fondness for that somewhat erratic, but loveable character, the promoters of the Los Angeles Pacific railway might long ago have been forced to surrender their enterprise, but Mr. Henry E. Huntington persistently kept "hands off," and the Los Angeles Pacific, despite its inadequate management grew to be quite a serious competitor with his own enterprises. Moreover, as it is well known, his friendship for General Sherman prompted him to show other and valuable personal favors to the General. Now the fact is revealed that Messrs. Sherman and Clark have sold out to Mr. E. H. Harriman, the head and front of the Southern Pacific Railway, who at



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present is in absolute control of the stock of the Los Angeles Pacific in the name of Mr. Epes Randolph.

For High Stakes.

I have no wish to impute to General Sherman any unworthy motive or arraign him for the basest of sins, ingratitude, without a full knowledge of the facts, but, at least, it is an irony of fate that Mr. Huntington should thus have been "enchured" by his friends. The game of modern finance, however, is a strange one, and you may frequently find the best of friends desperately engaged in the pastime of cutting each other's purses. Nor do I take much stock in the theory of the daily press that Mr. Huntington and Mr. Harriman, at daggers drawn, have become sworn foes. As matters now stand, it is obvious that they must establish at least what the diplomats call a "modus vivendi." If it had not been for the characteristic cold feet that disconcerted the marble heart of Mr. I. W. Hellman, Mr. Huntington's interests would not have been in any such jeopardy. It should be clearly understood that since Mr. Hellman's withdrawal, Mr. Harriman controls fifty percent. of the stock of the Pacific Electric Railway system and of the Los Angeles Interurban lines, and it is easy to see that with the additional strength Mr. Harriman has acquired by his purchase of the Los Angeles Pacific he could lock horns with Mr. Huntington and obstruct the latter's grand schemes of gridironing Southern California with the best electric transportation system in the world. Mr. Harriman has his own fish to fry, and no one who knows anything of that extraordinarily astute person's disposition can suppose that he will have any scruples in using Mr. Huntington's pan (and burning it if necessary) so long as he cooks his own pompano. There could no longer be any doubt of Mr. Harriman's control of the Los Angeles Pacific when the engineer of this Southern Pacific division, Mr. Ellison, was ordered from his former post of duty to take charge of the electric road. Mr. Huntington's personal interests in the electric railroads are small in comparison with his investments in Southern California land. Unless Mr. Huntington's plans of railroad development continue, those investments will be at least retarded.

Col. Randolph's Position.

There seems to be a disposition in some—even well informed—quarters to criticise Col. Epes Randolph for his share in this critical transfer, and to impute duplicity to him in that he, as is well known, has been the trusted friend and advisor of Mr. Huntington, and, as is also well known, is Mr. Harriman's right hand man in the Southwest and Mexico. It should, however, be distinctly understood that Col. Randolph has never attempted to carry water on both shoulders, or to serve two masters. Two years ago Col. Randolph severed all connections with Mr. Huntington, save those of the closest personal friendship, and those ties, which naturally make their interests identical, since Col. Randolph represents the Harriman interests in the Huntington railroads and is vice-president of the Pacific Electric Railway. No man who knows Col. Randolph intimately would believe for a moment that he could be untrue to a friend. If there really be any grave differences between the Huntington and the Harriman interests in Southern California, I have every

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confidence in the ability of Col. Randolph to read-just them.

Huntington or Harriman?

There can, however, be no doubt in the mind of any observant and patriotic citizen of Southern California as to whose star he wishes to see in the ascendant. Mr. Harriman cares nothing for Southern California, except as a revenue producer to swell the enormous investments that he represents, whereas Mr. Huntington's heart and soul are wrapped up not only in his splendid Southern California enterprises, but in Southern California itself. Nor can there be any comparison, of course, of what Mr. Harriman has done for Southern California, and Mr. Huntington's colossal achievements. It would be a serious calamity for Southern California, if by any misadventure Mr. Huntington's gigantic energies were tied or hindered in this vicinity. A portion of the public press has never missed an opportunity to revile Mr. Huntington and to impute to him unworthy motives, but the history of Los Angeles for the last five years is sufficient answer to such calumnies.

Cole a Candidate.

The Tammany Club of Los Angeles has a new candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, in the person of Nathan Cole, Jr. Agents of the club are abroad in the land with a view of learning how the rural element will take to Mr. Cole. It is being urged that Mr. Cole as one of the energetic beet sugar enthusiasts and promoters of the state is particularly entitled to consideration from the hands of the farmers. As yet of course Mr. Cole's candidacy is tentative; it is one of those things which is being talked of among the stars of the first magnitude of the club.

Wanted: The Grangers.

The Democracy of California seems to realize that if it is to have any chance of electing the governor this year it must present a candidate who will sweep the rural counties. The greatest strength of Joseph H. Call is that the farmers know him and trust him. Another Democratic candidate in the person of ex-Congressman Bell is also depending in great measure upon granger support. Bell, I understand, has made his peace with W. R. Hearst, and if he is nominated, which is a remote possibility, will have the support of the Examiners. The last and most prominent Democrat who is mentioned for the nomination, is Frank K. Lane, and he would be a possibility only in case President Roosevelt does

not re-nominate him for the Interstate Commerce Commission, after Congress adjourns. Lane has not been confirmed by the Senate, and in case Congress adjourns without action being taken, the president is expected to send his name once more to the upper body in Congress. Of course, under such circumstances, Lane would be commissioner de facto without the Senate's confirmation. If President Roosevelt does not re-nominate him it is very probable that the Democrats will insist upon his making another race for gubernatorial honors.

Tired of Pardee.

Gov. Pardee is fence building in Southern California this week, but I doubt if he gets very much encouragement, no matter whom he may see about his candidacy. The Republican machine which made some sort of a deal with him at the time that Frank Flint was elected United States Senator, is sick and tired of him. The phalanxes led by Tom Hughes, have no confidence whatever in Governor Pardee's words, and if the Governor looks for any aid or consolation in that direction he will meet with the firmest of cold shoulders and the frostiest of mitts.

Non-Partisan County Ticket.

Throughout the Democracy of Los Angeles County there is a growing conviction that the party should not nominate any county candidates for the coming election. Everybody knows that a candidate nominated for county office on the Democratic ticket is sure to be beaten, for the Soldiers' Home and Pasadena are too great handicaps for any candidate to overcome. There is growing up in the county a well-defined feeling that a non-partisan ticket should be selected. Democrats in many of the precincts are being sounded to this end with a view of agreeing to refuse to make any nominations, and I am told on good authority that the most influential Democrats of the County are willing to support the non-partisan idea, even if the Democracy is given only about one-third of the offices. Of course if the machine controls the Democratic convention, nominations will be made, even though it is perfectly well known that there is no possibility of electing anybody. Democratic nominations, you understand, will insure the success of the regular Republican ticket, and that, of course, is what the machine expects and desires.

Tourist Travel

While there is no doubt that numerically considered the present tourist season has been the greatest in the history of the Southwest, still I hear com-

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"Special Brew"
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The eminent Dr. F. E. Daniel, Editor of the Texas "Medical Journal," in speaking of Beer, has the following to say:

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plaint from a number of the resort hotel men that they are not doing as well as in former years. Last week I had something to say about the campaign of advertising which the Southern Pacific has conducted in the East at an expense of a hundred thousand dollars, this sum having been voted some months ago to promote travel. The railroads have done the biggest passenger business in their history, but the advertising has not attracted the wealthy class of people whom the resort hotel men call "the spenders." Rather has this advertising stimulated the immigration of the moderately well-to-do and the poorer people, who come here to make homes and who, of course, will be factors in the development of the country. The hotel men are inclined to trace the falling off in the numbers of their profitable patrons to the exceedingly open winter which has prevailed in the East. I do not find any general disposition on the part of the hotel men to ascribe the diminution of their business to the counter-attractions of Cuba and the Mediterranean. It is true that Cuba has been very extensively advertised all over the East as the winter resort par excellence of the world, and some of my conferees of the daily press have assumed that this advertising has cut a hole in California's wealthy tourist business. The hotel men who are certainly better informed than the newspaper fraternity say that it takes a cold hard winter to make the wealthy tourist trade flourish.

Press Club's Crisis

Before long the newly organized Press Club will be face to face with a crisis in its history, a crisis that will decide the future of the club. Many of the younger newspaper writers have taken hold of the project with great zeal. Once fairly under sail, the problem of furnishing rooms will be encountered. Right there is the snag. If the Press Club members have the courage of their convictions, if they have an abiding faith in the future, let them **Beware of the Benefit.** It looks very easy and comfortable to "stand up" some theater manager for free rent for the "Benefit," to hold up theatrical talent for services, to hold up merchants for advertising in the program, to "stand up" everybody who can be cornered into surrendering a dollar or two for "admission" to the "Benefit." It is easy to get furniture houses, to bill everything at cost, to secure

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concessions from fixture and picture dealers. Very easy indeed all these things, but obtained at the price of self respect; obtained on the footing of mendicants. Finally, I never knew a press club furnished in this manner and actuated by such principles, that did not eventually end up in becoming either an unlicensed, if small, gin mill, or else, a fourth rate poker joint. I am looking for developments in this Press Club furnishing proposition before long. Stand up, gentlemen, and start right. Better cheap tables, cheap carpets or sawdust, cheap chairs, cheap fixtures, bought with your own money, than finer furnishings secured by the gloved but none the less effective employment of the sandbag.

Place for All Things.

If the San Francisco promoters who are endeavoring with the assistance of a few local men, to establish a new prize fight club in Los Angeles are aiming to put a stop entirely to "the game" in Southern California, they could not have chosen a better method than to force such exhibitions into a residence section. Morris Levy and his San Francisco coadjutors little understand the temper of Los Angeles people if they imagine this city will stand for another "boxing" night at the Chutes or anywhere else in proximity to residences. It is only two years or so since the attempted establishment of a boxing pavilion at the west end of the Third street tunnel led to the temporary extinction of "the game." I am disposed to view with lenient eye the maintenance of a properly conducted boxing club with its contests brought off in downtown business or factory district. I have seen "glove fights"

here and elsewhere for a matter of twenty years. The modern "glove contest" is not nearly as brutal as a college football match. That there is a feeling against matching the "Kids" and "Mikes" and "Billies" and "Joes" to appear in residence districts, is undeniable, and I fully share it. There is a place for everything.

Who Profits?

With the manoeuvring of the managers as to who shall share in the spoils of the game I have nothing to do. For five or six years Thomas J. McCarey has been the recognized head and front of "the game" in Los Angeles. I am told that there is some feeling in sportdom because the men associated with him in the "Pacific Club" which owns the north end pavilion are not the same men who made up the "Century Club" of old. Neither does this interest me. The fact that stands out clear as crystal is that there has never been a scandal connected with McCarey's management and as far as the public is concerned that is the main consideration. Men of all classes, trades, professions—men you know to be prominent in business, finance and politics—patronize these glove contests. That this is so is why "the game" cannot be exterminated by Mr. Earl and the Distress. The patrons of "the game" want a "square deal" and clean sport. They feel that they have had it with McCarey. That is why Mr. Levy and his San Francisco association will experience trouble in gaining a foothold.

With the moral side of the question neither the "ins" nor the "outs" in this present controversy are concerning themselves. McCarey is "in;" he has

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the location; back of him is a good record; the public will not stand for glove contests in residence neighborhoods. It seems to me that if Mr. Levy of San Francisco and his crowd want to figure here, they should accept the inevitable and go to the prescribed district. Anything else sounds the death knell of "the game."

The Shriners of Missouri, led by the delegation from St. Louis, will make their headquarters at the Angelus during the coming gathering of the Imperial Council. The Loomis brothers have retained sufficient accommodations for their regular patrons and the St. Louis Shriners will be the only delegation to be found at that hostelry during the Fiesta week.

Notorietitis.

The same form of megalomania which overwhelmed the intelligence of Griffith Jenkins Griffith and finally landed him in the penitentiary will prove the undoing, with a similar destination, of the vagaries of Walter Scott. The newspapers have been culpable in both instances. Time was when Griffith Jenkins Griffith could lay the "flattering unction unto his soul" that every publisher in Los Angeles was proud to exploit his personality, his banquets at Hollywood and his prodigious benefactions. Walter Scott has provided an even more intolerable imposition upon the patient news-reading public, and I suppose that we shall continue to be pelted with his antics until he is safely incarcerated. But it will be interesting to note what Scott's record of crime had been before the Examiner took him up and persuaded him to be guilty of foolish stunts and extravagant trips that they might manufacture copy out of his Munchausenish monkeydom. One thing seems evident—that when once the microbe of notorietitis, a dangerous disease of the age, was infused into Scott's system there was no holding him, and he was willing to risk breaking his neck or shooting himself in the seat of the pants in order to get his name in big headlines in the newspapers.

Ejaculations!

In one of the quieter Spring street saloons, the other afternoon, several business men were discussing "Scotty" over their cocktails. Who should come in at minute but the driver of the local milk route. He placed his bottles of cream on the bar, put the amount down in the book and called for a drink. This he paid for and drank. (The bartender did offer him a bath, but that is neither here nor there.) Our milk-route driver happened to overhear the aforesaid business men discussing "Scotty" whereupon he took upon himself to "butt in." Quoth he, "For eleven years I punched cows with Scott and I know what he is." (This accompanied by picturesque epithets.) "Any man say 'Boo' to him? Why, he'd just as soon shoot him as look at him! Say, I was the only feller that ever dared stand up to him—! Yes, I'll take a little whiskey, please, but I can tell you all about old Walt, Scott! Why! Say! I've seen his mine out there! Say! he grinds his ore up between two big stones by mule power! Loard! you can't tell me nothin' about Walt! Scott!" At this minute the saloon doors opened and a man with a fierce expression and a broad-brimmed tile came in. "Say you!" says he, "Get out 'o here and get on with your milk delivery!" Exit big talker! "Who is that?" asked the inquisitive newspaper man.

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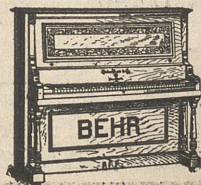
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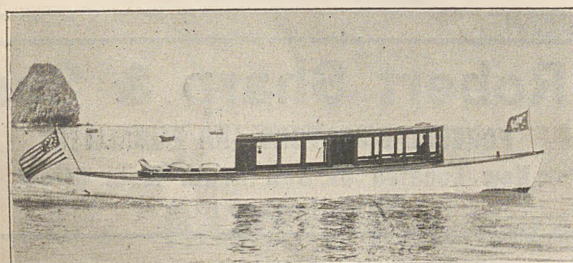


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"Gee!" answered the man with the sombrero, "Why that's a guy what just came out of jail, he's been in for ten years, and I gave him a job because I know his wif's family." Then Echo answered, "He must have known Scott All Right."

E. F. Kubel

The sudden death of Mr. E. F. Kubel, the really distinguished musical critic of the Evening News, and formerly my colleague for several years on the Herald, struck a deep note of true sorrow in every musical circle in this city. Mr. Kubel's attainments and scholarship in the art he so dearly loved were very rare. Forced by circumstances to earn his livelihood as a skilful telegraph operator, every hour of his spare time was devoted to music. His criticisms were not the superficial prejudices of individual taste or impression but were the result of trained intelligence and assiduous study. I never knew Mr. Kubel to write an unkind word about an artist simply for the sake of turning out a smart sentence. He "roasted" unmercifully at times but the roasts were served on the dish of good cause by a chef who gave his reasons. I noticed also that of latter years Mr. Kubel's pen became more mellow and more merciful in its judgements, and as is frequently the case, the more mature his experience grew, the lighter were his verbal castigations. The value of Mr. Kubel's work in developing musical taste in Los Angeles cannot be over estimated.

The \$15,000 pipe organ which the Southern California Music Co. will shortly install in the hall in rear of the company's establishment on Broadway, will shortly be here ready to set up. The organ is being built by the Aeolian company, the same company that is placing organs in the homes of C. M. Schwab, Eastman of the Eastman Kodak company, and the Vanderbilts. It was expected by Mr. Frank J. Hart, president of the Southern California Music Co., that the local organ would be here in February, but it is stated that the Aeolian company has over fifty instruments under way, somewhat retarding delivery. The organ will be provided with a mechanical playing device so that roll music may be used at will.

To H. E. Jr.

Mr. Howard Huntington, you are stopping your cars in the middle of the block, where only one man in ten and one woman in a hundred wants to stop. Please stop in the right place.

Love and a Caravan

When the Republican convention was about to meet to name the late William McKinley for his second term it hit on an unfortunate date, for it was the day of Mark Hanna's daughter's wedding. Miss Ruth Hanna had a mind of her own and would not "stand for" having the wedding day postponed. "very bad luck!" so they put off the date of the convention. Joe Medill McCormick, the lucky bridegroom, today is one of the best known "good" politicians in the country and, in addition to this, is a thoroughly good all-round sportsman. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick were out here last week, staying at the Vay Nuys. Now "Mrs. Medill," "as she loves her friends to call her, is an excellent shot, a very good rider and an all-round sportswoman. Mrs. McCormick knew that her husband needed a thor-

ough relaxation from politics and business; so she suggested a jaunt "across country." After a little persuasion her husband acceded and they went out to buy the needful. The first thing they purchased was a regular "Prairie Schooner" fitted up like a gipsy caravan, only a little more comfortable than the one "Lavengro" made his tour in. Then they bought a string of pack mules and four saddle horses for their own use. They made their start from the Van Nuys Hotel very quietly, early in the morning, so as to avoid the rubber-necks and newspaper reporters. Their first stop in any town of importance will be Santa Barbara. Thence they will strike Northeast, cross the Desert, go through Yellowstone Park and eventually land in Chicago. I can imagine no more ideal holiday for a tired political man and his wife, provided, of course that she be, like "Mrs. Medill" one of the out-of-doors kind of girls. Good luck to you Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, you are of the real Americans that all the World loves and respects!

Food for Jackasses.

A fierce commentary on the dramatic taste of the people of the interior towns of California is found in the New York Dramatic Mirror of March 17.

"Fresno—Barton Opera House—Sleeping Beauty and the Beast, Feb. 26th—To S. R. O.

"Oakland—Macdonough—The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast, March 3 and 4. Performance and attendance satisfactory.

"Stockton—Yosemite Theater—The Beauty and the Beast, Feb. 28th. Fine scenic effects and rich costumes pleased a packed house."

"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" was presented at the Mason Opera House not long ago. I have no desire to remember the date and I want to forget all about that performance just as soon as my memory will permit. It was one of those inane, spectacular and unprofitable "shows" which might be called the direct descendants of the "Black Crook." The costumes were tawdry, the show-girls were of the vintage of 1855, there was not a decent dancer in the lot, and the performance was so absolutely inferior that not only did many people leave the Mason at the end of the first act, but toward the end of the engagement, the company played practically to empty seats. If there was any redeeming feature whatever in the performance it was in the monologue of Barney Bernard, and this was so plentifully strewn with vulgarity that it would have been an act of decency to have omitted Mr. Bernard's skit. The worthlessness of the company was so patent that scarcely an employe of the Mason Opera House could be found who would admit having seen the performance. The Theatrical Trust for sending such trash to a house like the Mason should be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretenses, and the taste of any dramatic writer, or any public which accepts such trash as "fine scenic effects and rich costumes" should be buried beneath a cairn of jackass skulls.

Raoul and Rag-time.

There was a gathering of celebrities at the Hotchkiss Theater on Tuesday night. In one box sat a company of councilmen headed by Dr. Houghton; opposite were several doughty knights of the glove, guests of Mr. Gustavus Ruhlin and, in a stage



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town usually arises not earlier than 9 a. m. For the last week, they have bought alarm clocks which they set for 6:30; have dragged themselves out of their downy "retirements" and gone down to stand in line to get a glimpse of the trial. They pushed and struggled to get into the court-room and, once inside, they sat and gloated over the details of the evidence. This is not nice. I remember one prominent local society lady who one day said to me, "Oh I do like the young men who come out to the country club, they are so athletic and clean!" Yet she was one of the foremost to push into the court-room to take in all the details of the arraignment of this poor degenerate. The best women and good mothers try to forget that there is any wickedness in life, so that their children, even if they lose their early ideals, may always know that their Father and Mother were perfect. At least I know that mine were; they never could have crowded into a beastly murder trial.

Their Annual Meeting.

The annual social and business meeting of the Southern California Association of Companions of the Military Order, Loyal Legion, will be held in the banquet room of Levy's Cafe to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, to which all visiting members of the Order are cordially invited. There will be an election of officers, after which a collation will be served. As the civil war has been over forty-one years, and the members of this association must have served as officers on the Union side, it is not unfair to presume that these old boys who survive are not burdened with luxuriant ambrosial locks nor raven black mustaches. But that they are still fond of the good things of life is attested by the frequent symposia they have at which they eat, drink and make merry, and tell stories and sing again and again the old songs of the war. There are forty odd of these grim fellows in our midst, among whom are General Lionel Sheldon, General Beveridge, General Otis, General Bouton, Major Klokke, Major E. W. Jones, Major Ben Truman, Captain George Kimball, Captain Noble, Major Henry T. Lee, Captain H. Z. Osborn and Major Donnell.

Last Sunday night at Venice auditorium, Domenico Russo and six of his pupils gave an operatic recital which was so much enjoyed that a similar program will be offered tomorrow evening at the same place. One of the principal performers will be Miss Louise Schmidt. Mrs. Russo will also appear again, having made her debut at the previous concert. Selections will be given from "Trovatore," "Carmen," "Faust and "Lucia," with chorus.

Bridge for Both Sexes.

Here is a feather for the Easter bonnets of the ladies, coming as it does from one of the best bridge players of the world:

"The immense popularity of bridge has been attributed to various causes but chiefly to its freedom from conventions and to the inexpressible delights of the exposed hand. It is a favorite theory of mine much strengthened by observation, that, making all allowance for the seductiveness of the exposed hand, bridge owes its unrivalled popularity to the fact that it is a game for both sexes. Whist died because, untouched by feminine influence, it became altogether too scientific and businesslike. Mixed bridge and

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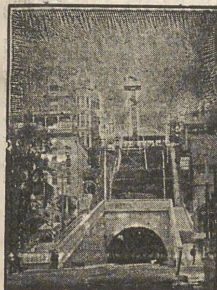


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provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

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mixed tennis have secured for both games a long lease of life.

“Why bridge should have such strong attractions for the feminine mind, which for the most part abhorred whist, is a problem I do not intend to tackle. I accept the fact that from the very first bridge has numbered among its enthusiasts almost as many women as men. At the present time there are hundreds of good women players in London and probably a dozen who are absolutely first-rate. By good players are meant those who manage average hands with accuracy and intelligence; the first-raters are those who can be trusted to get every bit of advantage out of a good hand and to lose the fewest possible tricks on a bad one.

“Speaking as a mere male it is my firm conviction that mixed bridge is by far the most pleasant form of the game. The average woman is a much better partner than the average man. She is more tolerant of blunders, and her instinct often tells her the suit you want led in cases where a man’s logic would be hopelessly at fault. It must be admitted, however, that the feminine temperament is not altogether suited to bridge. Very few women can stand a run of hard luck without having their play adversely affected. I do not mean that they grow petulant; they simply become unnerved.

“One of the finest young players I know just fails to reach the first class through lack of pluck. As long as fortune treats her well she makes the utmost out of every hand she has to play, but she is born too lucky, and a week of ill fortune depresses her to the level of a fourth-rate player. I was looking on one evening at Almaek’s when after losing five rubbers in succession her partner cost her the sixth by a glaring revoke. In the next hand hearts were declared by the dummy on her left, and Mrs. A., as I will call her, very properly doubled, holding ace, queen, 8 and 6 of hearts; ace, queen, knave of spades; ace and two small diamonds; and queen and three of clubs. In ordinary circumstances she would have opened either with a diamond or a spade and would have won two tricks and the game; as it was she selected the only possible way of losing the odd trick by leading a heart whenever she got in.”

Messrs. Barlow and Bragdon who stand sponsors for Brentwood Park, the most recent of all the high-class residential suburbs offered for investment, are enthusiastic over the number of inquiries and the volume of business already transacted. With the weather now on its good behavior and the roads from this city and adjacent beach towns in prime condition this property offers to people of good taste an ideal habitation.

“He Who Runs May Read.”

The above is a well-worn aphorism; and perchance a well-worn fabrication. But, however this may be, not all who run and read may understand. And, yet again, there are those who so simplify their meaning of a thing that the veriest numbskull may catch on to an explanation as readily as Scotty hypnotizes the dingbats that have made him at least temporarily the most dashing fakir of the day. For instance: Dr. John E. Veon, (a graduate of the Still College

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dollars;
now make
them work
for you

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In presenting the opportunity to buy stock in the Golden State Motor Car Co., the company is following a plan of action that seems wise, in as much as a larger list of stock holders will give a more diversified interest in the prosperity of the concern. The product thereby will have many interested and enthusiastic supporters and greatly augment the advertising of the car when it is placed before the trade. The future is certainly bright for this splendid enterprise. Wherever the car has been demonstrated it has proven its unqualified superiority in power, simplicity, reliability and economy of operation, and if the original incorporators had wished, they could have sold the patents covering the innovations in motor making to prominent automobile makers for five times the amount of the present stock subscription. The great adaptability of our motor places us in a position to

take advantage of the trend towards motor carriages for every purpose—trucks, deliveries and the soon-to-be popular railway motor car.

The selection of an investment is of utmost importance and in this land of opportunity wise selection is difficult. The securing of a profitable investment lies in seeing clearly and quickly the real conditions. The best investments seldom admit of too long deliberation—the better the opportunity the more quickly it must be grasped. This enterprise is one in which investigation confirms conviction—a case where the truth about it is the best thing for us and for you. We not only offer the list of men who are already in as a guarantee of good business management, but we can prove a sure profit in the making of our automobiles, and the exclusive control of valuable patents which will make them popular.

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of Osteopathy), of Santa Monica, defines Osteopathy simply as follows: "Osteopathy is that science of healing that looks upon the human body as a vital machine and that health will continue as long as this vital machine, our body, is in perfect mechanical order, or adjustment, but that subluxated bones, contracted musculature and fascia, etc., by pressure upon blood vessels and nerves, thus interfering with the normal blood supply and nervous impulses to the various organs of the body, cause congestion and disease directly or indirectly by lowering the vital resistance of the various organs, pave the way for the entrance of pathogenic bacteria, such as the tubercular bacilli, the bacillus typosus, etc."

And then the dear, good old soul proceeds further to simplify how to wipe out the manifold maladies that humankind is heir to, thus:

"By careful physical diagnosis these subluxated bones, contracted muscles and fascia may be discovered and by scientific manipulations removed, allowing the diseased organs to receive their normal blood supply and nervous impulses when they regain their normal state of equilibrium or health, or, if bacteria be present, the body elaborates antitoxic and antibacterial substances which counteract the poisons elaborated by the bacteria or overcome the bacteria themselves or check their growth."

Don't you see, now, that it is just as easy never to be sick for more than a day or two as falling off a log? The physician may now even heal himself.

Eagleton's Loss.

A bit of theatrical news that the daily papers overlooked was the recent death in Chicago of Edward Eagleton, the comic opera comedian, who played a long engagement here last season with the Olympia Opera company. Mr. Eagleton's mind failed him some months ago, and for five days before he died he slept constantly. He passed away without awakening. Two years ago, while in New Orleans, Eagleton took a flyer on the Cotton Exchange, and in twenty-four hours found himself about \$100,000 ahead of the market. He was advised to clean up his profit, and get out of the game, but that big sum of velvet looked so easy to him that he decided to try to double it, and the succeeding day he found his profit as well as his investment wiped out. He affected to treat the incident with good humor and philosophy, but those about him detected a change from that time. He lost \$100,000 that he never had, but it hurt, just the same.

Eheu Fugaces!

L. W. Storrer, chief of the Postal Telegraph Company on this Coast, is in the city, but alas! he has lost those auriferous whiskers, those golden locks that for forty years flung defiance at the wind from either cheek. Mr. Storrer does not look as butlerly British as formerly, but he remains the same keen, amiable executive.

Early Dramatic History.

The first dramatic performance given on the Pacific Coast was at or near where Old San Diego now stands. The play was "Hamlet," the inimitable Lieutenant Derby essaying the character of the melancholy Dane, and the wife of Sergeant Holcomb, who kicked the beam at 240, playing the part of the

spirituelle Ophelia. Reynolds was King, Stoneman Laertes, and Magruder the Ghost. It would not have been an indifferent rendition had the Ghost been strictly sober. But he had dined sumptuously with Don Señor Bandini, and had partaken not wisely of Don Juan Forster's native wine and aguardiente, and his utterances were a trifle more spirituous than sepulchral, and he nearly upset Ophelia by entering at an improper time, and presenting Laerte's afflicted sister with an immense bouquet constructed of kelp and malva, whereupon Captain Burton, as Polonius, and Major Armistead as the prompter entered and yanked the unsteady phantom off the stage. Romeo and Juliet was subsequently performed, during which Derby transformed the balcony scene into a roaring farce by coming upon the stage on the hurricane deck of a donkey wrong end foremost. Magruder was Friar Lawrence, and nearly killed Mercutio (Stoneman) by tripping him up at R. U. Z.

Juvenile Court.

In the March number of the Sunset Magazine appears an interesting account of the work of Judge Lindsey, of Denver, the pioneer, as he might be called, in the work of savings boys from crime and prison influences. A similar work is going on in many cities of the country, and Pacific Coast cities are not far behind. At least five cities of California besides San Francisco—Los Angeles, Oakland, Sacramento, Fresno and San Jose—have well developed juvenile courts. The San Francisco court was instituted in May, 1903, under the legislative act of that year, through the untiring efforts of the California Club, the Associated Charities, the Merchants' Association and other large-hearted organizations and individuals. The original law of 1903 laid the foundation for the legal machinery, which the revised statute of 1905 perfected and put into operation. This law provided, among other things, for an advisory committee, which appoints probation officers, secures funds and establishes the proper connecting link between the judge and probation officers and the general public. Since the establishment of this court, over 2100 separate delinquency cases and several hundred dependents have been handled under the fatherly care of Judge Murasky. His eyes, ears and hands are the probation officers and volunteer workers. One officer looks after the school records of the court's wards; another sees to their working side—is the official "job chaser"; still another is the directory and "dictionary"—he knows every boy, his doings and undoings for years past. Concerning the San Francisco work, Arthur J. Todd, the present chief probation officer, says: "Mere numbers of cases are barren, and give no hint of sensational captures, toilsome investigation, patient probation, successful reformation or occasional failure. Neither do they suggest the hearty cooperation of teachers, friends and employers, or of the rapid development of the general public's interest. Already the juvenile court has proved that it pays to study a child rather than brand him; to see him as a growing thing responding to his environment rather than as a criminal born, fixed and destined to wreck. Already, even, are men looking toward the employment of its methods in dealing with adult offenders. Let this be taken as an earnest of the future of the juvenile court in San Francisco."



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Los Angeles



Leaves to Cut.

E. F. Benson's new novel, "The Angel of Pain," bids fair to excel in popularity any of its former successes, as his publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company, have gone to press with a second edition within two weeks after publication of the novel. Mr. Benson deserves commendation for departing from the beaten path, and giving us something new and unhackneyed. Marie Corelli herself could not have invented a more wonderful character than Tom Merivale, the hermit, whose one great desire was to avoid pain, but which finally comes to him in a most dramatic form.

"The Colonel of the Red Huzzars" is the first novel of a new author—John Reed Scott. Mr. Scott is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and a graduate of Gettysburg College. He was admitted to the Bar in 1891, and practiced in Gettysburg, Pa., until 1898, when he removed to Pittsburg and entered one of the oldest laws firms there. From 1887 to 1895 he did considerable work for Associated Press, Philadelphia Press, New York Sun, United Press, and other newspapers, as correspondent at the Gettysburg battlefield. In writing this story, during his leisure evenings, the author aimed to construct a Romance whose plot was reasonably possible, and in which there was no bloodshed and no killing. The heroine, Princess Dehra, a charming creature, is the only character drawn, temperamentally, over an original. "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars" is announced for Spring publication.

Carl Joubert, the well-known writer on Russian subjects, died in London on the 17th of February. Within the space of a year and a half, this author wrote three books, which met with wide-spread popularity, dealing with Russia and her Government. His works are published under the titles of "Russia As It Really Is," "The Truth About the Tsar," and "The Fall of Tsardom." This last work was published only a few days before the death of the author.



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Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Tom G. Otis have returned to Redondo.
The Hon. and Mrs. Erskine M. Ross have returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. D. Cave and Miss Cave have booked passages for Europe May 3.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs was at the Van Nuys this week en route to Coronado.

Mrs. L. Kleinberger of 1026 South Bonnie Brae will sail for Europe April 17.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway of San Francisco is again in Southern California.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey and Mr. Walter Martin were in Los Angeles this week.

Miss Maude Rinehart of Chino is the guest of Mrs. G. W. Randall of 2623 Monmouth avenue.

The C. C. Carpenters when last heard from were spending Washington's Birthday at Monte Carlo.

Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance and Miss Harriet Severance are in San Francisco for a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown returned this week from a tour abroad lasting fourteen months.

Mr. John J. Daly, a wealthy Salt Lake mining man, and his two daughters are guests at the Angelus.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goldsmith (Lillian Burkhart) are at the Hotel Pepper but expect to reoccupy their home on Budlong avenue shortly.

Mr. C. N. Shaw of Boston, one of the leading chocolate manufacturers of the United States, is here with a party of nine guests. The party is traveling in a special car and while in Los Angeles is at the Angelus.

Mrs. Gaylord Wilshire, wife of Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, for many years a resident of this city and now publisher of Wilshire's Magazine in New York, is at the Buckingham Palace Hotel in London, accompanied by her sister, Miss Myra MacReynolds.

Judge and Mrs. John S. Chapman and Miss Mary Chapman, who lately returned from the City of Mexico, have arranged to sail for Japan in May. In Yokohama they will meet Miss Anna Chapman, who has been spending some months in the island of Guam.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hambleton of Baltimore, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall of 21 Chester Place for the past two weeks, return home tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan and Mr. and Mrs. Will S. Porter expect to rendezvous in Europe this summer.

Receptions, Etc.

March 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Clark; dinner dance.

March 17.—Miss Nina Jones, Hotel Van Nuys; luncheon for Miss Louise Leszynsky.

March 17.—Mrs. R. P. McJohnston and Mrs. Alexander Barret, Hollywood; luncheon at Hotel Hollywood.

March 19.—Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gibbon, 2722 Harvard boulevard; dinner for Rear-Admiral and Mrs. John W. Walker.

March 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall, 21 Chester Place; dinner at the California Club for Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hambleton of Baltimore, Md.

March 20.—Mrs. G. W. Randall, 2623 Monmouth avenue; card party for Miss Maude Rinehart.

March 20.—Mrs. C. E. Hahn, 2636 Severance street; bridge party for Mrs. Wilcox of Minneapolis.

March 21.—Mrs. Joseph Foxton, 1928 Harvard boulevard; bridge party.

March 21.—Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Burbridge, 2080 West Adams street; box party.

March 21.—Mr. Frank Winfield Armstrong, 2640 Romeo

Place; luncheon for Mrs. J. J. Thomas of San Francisco and Madame de Chauvenet of Chicago.

March 21.—Mrs. Paul S. King, 2333 Union avenue; luncheon for Miss Katherine Kendall.

March 21.—Miss Mary Holmes, 1118 South Grand avenue; at home.

March 21.—Mrs. M. S. Horn and Mrs. H. K. Van Horn, 775 Garland avenue; card party.

March 21.—Mrs. William Durham, Ingraham street; luncheon for Mrs. Hole and Mrs. Brown.

March 21.—Mrs. Frederick W. Armstrong, Romeo Place; luncheon.

March 21.—Mrs. William L. Jones, 2622 Vermont avenue; for Mrs. Edwin Caswell of Portland, Ore.

March 21.—Mrs. Sherman Page, Ocean Park; luncheon for the Wednesday Drive Whist Club.

March 22.—Mrs. Geo. Wilshire, Redondo; reception at Hotel Alexandria for Mrs. Nathaniel F. Wilshire.

March 22.—Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart, 849 South Burlington; reception.

March 23.—Mrs. Arthur Braly, 991 Arapahoe; luncheon for Miss Alma Jevne of Chicago.

March 23.—Leonidas Club; balloon dance at Kramer's.

Anastasia's Date Book.

March 24.—Miss Olive Percival; at home.

March 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lummis, Arroyo Seco; Spanish dinner.

Recent Weddings.

March 20.—Miss June Hayson, daughter of Mrs. E. C. Hayson, 1236 South Grand avenue, to Mr. George J. Clark.

Approaching Weddings.

April 18.—Miss Hattie Saunders of Butte, Mont., to Mr. Wm. G. Nevin.

April 25.—Miss Edna Bumiller, daughter of Mrs. Bumiller-Hickey, 1049 Elden avenue, to Mr. Murray Sullivan of Salt Lake.

Engagements.

Miss Jessica Wapple, 2625 Budlong avenue, to Mr. Herman Burkhard.



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Deborah's Diary

This afternoon my peace of mind was disturbed by the arrival of the following note:

Dear Deborah, niece of Uncle Josephus and daughter of Grace Grundy:

I grieve to notice that your name was accidentally left off my calling list and therefore no doubt you did not receive cards for our last party. I assure you, dear child, it was a stupid oversight and we missed you more than you could possibly miss being at our "show." But, Deborah dear, don't you think it rather a mistake to show not only your friends but the world at large—at least the readers of the Graphic—that you are wounded by such accidents or because really important people do not care sufficiently for you to ask you to their parties. Of course you are only a child, but a "sorehead" child is a most objectionable person, don't you know. And the rest of your writing has been so attractive that it has disappointed us to see you join that unhappy circle of knockers headed by your more or less extinguished editor, whom the Times long ago dismissed as a "dead one." While I must admit the Graphic looks pretty lively just now I do grieve to see you in such company and fear from the tone of your last effusion that your fresh young mind is already becoming warped. Don't make such a spectacle of yourself again, dear child, and believe me

Yours in good faith,

P. P.

Los Angeles, March Eighteenth.

As my correspondent had the courage of her convictions and signed her full name—I have altered the initials—I asked my editor if he had any objections to its publication. He replied at once that it would give him great pleasure, "especially the printing of the sentence so artistically 'roasting' himself." Now Madam "Priscilla Proper" shall not drive me to the defensive. If I have written anything untrue about "society," I will gladly retract it, and I can assure

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my dear Mrs. Proper, who has ever been a really good friend of mine, that I am not at all "sore." In fact, just at this moment—during this happy retreat in Lent and my garden—I am enjoying more "sweetness and light" than I could find even at one of Mrs. P's charming functions. Frankly, I am very fond of parties and I like to be liked enough to be asked to as many as I have frocks for, as long as some nice "queener" comes for me and has a nice cab or auto. And I do honestly believe that people cannot spend too much money in entertaining—provided they have the money—but I do also think that it should be unnecessary to make the expense of a party so prominent, nor can I subscribe to a standard of society which is founded on possession of great wealth alone. I am not so silly as to think that people ever ask me to their houses for any other reason than that they like me, and because, as Uncle Josephus says, I can dance very well, am rather pretty, and a much better talker than the average girl. In fact, he is always telling me I talk too much to everyone else except himself, and he complains quite frequently that I am very silent when in his company. But, don't you think, that is always the way? Talk is often so superfluous when you are sitting comfortably by the fireside or on the grass with a really congenial spirit. Now I feel quite sure that despite the attentions of at least three young bachelors—I fear only one of them is at all eligible, and him I cared for least of the three—I shall never really like any other man beside Uncle Jo. When I'm with him he knows what I am thinking about without my telling him and quite often answers the questions revolving in my mind without any words crossing my lips, and sometimes even I am able to penetrate that sweet old white hair of his and see his brain-engines in full blast. That is true sympathy and my husband-to-be will have to be somewhat of a mind-reader. It would be too utterly horrible if he insisted on talking at breakfast! My dear Jesus, son of Sirach would grow jealous, I'm sure, and I know I should want to hurl the hardest piece of dry toast at hubby's head or perhaps rub his nose in a poached egg.

But I fear I have drifted far away from Mrs. P. P.'s charming letter and I do not know now whether I really care to discuss it. I will admit that I am very

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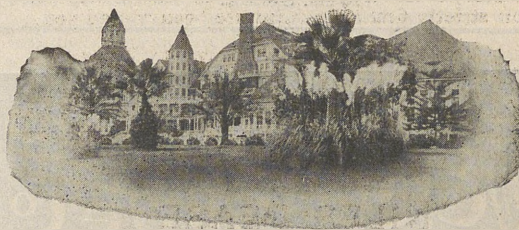
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unconventional, and Uncle Josephus often warns me against it, declaring that what is good enough for, and governs, other people, ought to be good enough for me, and that I am a conceited little prig (once, he said "pig") and that people all say it is a pose—and a vulgar one—to pretend to defy "les covenances. So, there, now! Well, honestly, dear diary, I do not care what 'people say,' although of course I prefer all men—and women too—to speak well of me. I do care very much for the opinion of my friends—the people whom I care for, which makes me value their opinion. Lots of lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen form their opinions and make their verdicts on such very slight acquaintance and slim and shallow evidence. You meet a "new man" for the first time and the girls all cry out at once, "Well, what do you think of him?" Alice says "Oh, I think he's an awful bounder" and Marjorie replies "You horrid thing, I think he's perfectly sweet—most attractive!" The truth of the matter is that neither Alice, Marjorie nor I do know or can know anything about him but except the simplest superficialities, such as the fact that he doesn't abuse his knife and fork and doesn't tread on your toes when you dance with him. But what kind of a show has a man to show his true colors, to prove his character, at one of our dreary dinner parties, when everybody is engaged in eating to much, or at one of our dances, when the man who doesn't talk about the ball room decorations; or the supper, or Mrs. Z's new dress, is positively as rare as the dodo? Again I am drivelling off on a new track, and I fear my editor—who is a perfectly horrid person in the office will blue-pencil my whole effort and then I won't be able to save enough for both that new hat for Easter and my new dress—both of which are absolutely necessary. (All right, dear Deb—I've only corrected a few misspelt words and ungrammatical sentences so far. Please prattle along to your heart's content.—Ed.) As for Mrs. Priscilla Proper, I will tell her why I write, and why I write as I do. First of all, because I like to write and don't write, following Ruskin's advice, unless I am just bursting to write; secondly, I've got to write just what I think and believe to be true—these are both my editor's orders and my own intentions—and, thirdly, because I need the money. Now, dear Mrs. Proper, you may urge that it is vulgar to "need the money," and I know lots of people think it is vulgar to tell the truth. I'm very sorry, Mrs P, but I do care for the truth and I have to have the money.

Today Uncle Josephus wrote for me as follows, in my diary:

"'But the stake is such a trifle,' urged the boy.
"'Yes, but the habit of gambling is not a trifle,' responded the father. I do not, however, desire to inveigh against bridge whist simply because it has led to gaming, and may do it still more. I do not even find fault with the men and women who frankly say they do not care to make up a party, anywhere, if there be no stakes, for I am not a preacher. But this disquiets me, and I confess it frankly; bridge is made an elaborate game, taught by experts, and universally played in society—than any other game ever played. Old-fashioned whist has always had its vogue, very much like chess. Good whist has ever been decreed an accomplishment not unlike chess; and, in this country, has never been deemed a gambling game, or one that trenched upon duties or

other amusements. Other card games also have been harmless, like euchre, and hearts. Nobody has cared very much for these or felt shocked that a few of the company of players really yearned for the prizes offered. But with the advent of bridge all this has changed. The game has taken hold everywhere, not as an incident of a house party, nor an evening or rainy day diversion, but one not to be undertaken without teaching and serious preparation; and at least one manual declares that 'proficiency at the game has become a positive social qualification.' No one can doubt that, in many families and sets bridge has become practically a passport tacitly required of the familiar visitor. One must play the game and play it well. No more of the frolic that resounded through the room where hearts was played. Bridge is business, and one must know it or be cast out and kept out. It does not break real friendships, but it makes new social groups to an extent that has brought pain to many a girl who is not "asked" because she has not had the time or the desire to play the game smartly. Meantime do not art, music, books, and enlivening and improving conversation suffer from the growing and sharply pressing demands of bridge upon the households where it is installed as a permanent entertainment and cult? And, with the almost universal tendency to add the commercial feature, is it not something more than a passing craze?"

I always told Uncle Jo he could write splendidly. Don't you think this is a bully little talk. Personally I like to play three rubbers two or three times a week, but I refuse positively to become a slave to bridge or anything or anybody else.

DEB.

New York Fashions

Unique Coat & Suit Co.

Los Angeles.

Gentlemen:

What are you doing with combination suits? I have sent you a few, hoping they would "take" with you, as they are simply all the rage here. I have also sent you several Eton jackets, both in cloth and silk. These are to be worn with fancy skirts, either plaid or stripe, and you see this combination in all the shops on Fifth Avenue.

The sunburst skirt is very popular in New York at present; so, of course, I have ordered some for you, both in silk and wool, and they are to be sent at once.

The Spring designs show a decided favoring of very light colors and, after all, the dainty shades seem to give about as much satisfaction in wear as the medium shades, and they certainly are beautiful, to say nothing of being most becoming.

I have on order many lovely things in lingerie frocks and lines, but as we are in the midst of a blizzard the makers are not hurrying one bit with thin goods, but I can promise you a number of things within ten days, sure. I hope our customers are not beginning to think we have only extreme and expensive garments, for I have sent you a fine line of suits to be sold at very reasonable prices. I am sure you will like the styles for they are very well made and of splendid material.

Respectfully,

J. J. F.

New York, March 17



Mothers' Stories About Their Babies

No. 16.

Sunbrights California Food Co.,

Gentlemen:

At the age of 2 months our baby boy, who had before been a healthy child, went back from 17 pounds to 10 pounds, and we could find nothing that he could keep on his stomach long enough to do him any good. We

tried all kinds of patent and prepared foods and found no relief until our attention was directed to Sunbrights California Baby Food,

which we have since used with entirely satisfactory results. Our boy has not since had a moment's serious illness with his food since using Sunbrights. Very respectfully,
Riverside, Cal.

Mrs. Stanley J. Castleman.

Nurse sent (without cost) with free sample to any baby in Los Angeles. Ring Main 4189, Home 6700. Instructive Mother's book mailed free upon request.

SUNBRIGHTS

California Food Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Musket

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LATEST IN

PORTRAITURE

SKETCH AND ETCHED EFFECTS

CHILDREN IN NATURAL POSES

E. GERSON, JEWELER

We have just received new machinery for the Jewelry factory and now have facilities for manufacturing the latest European novelties in Diamond Jewelry, Rings, Brooches, Lavallier, etc. Special Designs furnished.

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Lucille's Letter

My dearest Harriet:

Z-i-i-i-p but I have been having a week of it shopping, and, purchasing too, Harriet. You know there is a difference and also a distinction. And, my dear girl, honestly, embarrassment would nor could not express the state of my finances after a week of frenzied shopping. I was going too strenuously, suggested I presume, for I would never have thought of it otherwise by the Alice grays and the Alice blues I inspected at Blackstones before I bought my summer silk. The president's young daughter, of course you know, selected many gowns of soft pearly grey for her trousseau and now all New York and Washington are affecting the dull tones so well adapted to the Lenten season. Blackstone's always has the latest in silks and the present display is the finest I have seen. I thought I should be practical for once, so I selected a white taffeta with the dearest "shadow" effect and a fine hair line of black. But, way down in my heart I did long for one of the chameleon silks in the chiffon moiré-a-tique. It would make one's mouth water. All canary at one way looking and a cross between coral and raspberry pink in the other. Such a soft luscious quality, too. I saw one of our handsome matrons purchasing a piece of this pattern and when I heard her say "trimmings, please, of raspberry velvet" I groaned and felt green all inside to think I was not endowed with the wealth of the much harassed John D. Some shepherd plaids—we are not going to lose those pretty trim things this year by any means—they've returned to us reinforced, however, overshoot, with the stunningest—that's the only word which describes it—plaids you have ever seen. One in bold black and white check boasted a large overshoot, not half shot Harriet, as they say at the circus, but overshoot plaid of green. Some messalaines in the shadow effects and the daintiest of chameleon colors to be found here are the very latest things for receptions and dinner gowns. Me for Blackstones every time.

I recall having heard your wail, Harriet, for a be-

coming chapeau. To be sure the market is flooded just now with saucer hats and all sorts of impossible shapes but, have you seen the Marvel display? There is a shop where one's face, figure and general style are taken into consideration. I should say the hats here are not only ultra as to style, but really suggest rational dressing. Such delightful confections they are showing in white, pink and tinsel. Three things are required in a hat, my dear, to harmonize with any old gown, that is, any pretty gown you may happen to select for an afternoon or the theater and they are: First, a stunning long white ostrich plume, second, a touch of silver in some way or another from a brim to a single rose, and third a dash of pink. I saw a love of a thing all covered with tiny medallions of French design, embroidered with tiny multi-colored roses in the pastel shades. A cluster of pink roses, bebe roses at the side and an ostrich feather at the back, give the right perky finish to it. This more nearly approached some of the lingerie hats we are so unwilling to give up, while others were of the more decidedly "dressy" shape, round, inverted and built up on the side. White Neapolitan is beautifully combined by the artistic trimmers at the Marvel.

Of course you will have a new Easter gown. Everybody will have, so I'm looking to you to keep up with the band wagon. The Ville de Paris people are showing some of the prettiest things you ever saw. Just suitable to our warm, balmy climate. Of course they are not the cheapest things in the world. You see they call for silk linings and ever so much real Irish crochet or the genuine valenciennes can be used upon them, to say nothing of the handsome hand-made embroidered pieces. The materials are silk voiles, Eoliennes, silk warp batistes and such grades, the very sheerest and most filmy things you have seen in either silk or wool. And the shades, Harriet—none of them pronounced but just the loveliest indescribable soft shades which suggest rest and quiet and peace. They are worked, some of them with tiny silk roses while others have the much-coveted plaid effects. Soft shades of pinkish tan, oyster white, pearl grey, reseda green, pastel blues, with here and there a sober navy to bring us back to the practical things in dress buying are temptingly arrayed. The princesse gown is especially adapted to the use of this material in its soft clinging lines.

At Coulter's they had just opened one of the newest lines of handbags and purses. Pin seal, real seal, pigskin and real lizard are the favorite leathers. Why one will not even be compelled to carry a suit

SOUVENIR HANDKERCHIEFS

We have, designed and made in Ireland, exclusively for our sale, a beautiful line of very fine narrow hemstitched linen handkerchiefs; the corners have poppies, poinsettias and palm designs; or hand embroidered wreaths. These we sell separately for \$1, or three for \$2.75. We can suggest no more appropriate or giftworthy souvenir of California for the strangers within our gates. One handkerchief, with hand-painted sachet to correspond, enclosed in boxes decorated with mission scenes, \$1.50.

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Something you want but find it hard to secure. You'll find it here—we'll work you out some original die stamped design that will lend individuality to your correspondence.

Many samples that may prove suggestive. See them.

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case soon, the bags are assuming such proportions and are so complete. One handsome pin seal thing in black leather contained almost everything in gold-topped accessories from a pencil down to a powder sifter and chamois, such as you use in your daily tub. Fancy these convenient and diminutive powder cans of gold made with tiny sifters. They come in all shades to meet the requirements of one's gown and there are some dandies in grey and violet.

This is the children's hour, I tell you, Harriet. At the Boston one would wish oneself a child again, if but for one night, to be enabled to wear the swagger little suities made for little boys blue from the creeping age to the that of six. There are little suits of grass linen, butcher's linen, reps, and the sturdy Hollands in natural shades. They are shrunk and laundried before making, and, you know, what a joy forever that forethought is coming at that time rather than as the Irishman's "afterward." They launder beautifully these suits and the prices are from a dollar and seventy-five cents up. For the first named sum the most humble little man in the world may sport the same style and swagger as his millionaire brother.

Then there are the Peter Thompson coats in white linen trimmed with blue and brass buttons. Think of it, a suit at six trimmed with brass buttons. The addition of a pocketknife is all that would be necessary to complete a small lad's dreams of heaven. I did not have time to inspect the dresses for wee lassies, much as I love them, but I did take a squint or two at the pretty and dainty hats Mrs. Huber of 627 Broadway makes a specialty of. Those of us who have investigated the matter find few milliners who take the time to make chapeaux for our little daughters. Mrs. Huber is just the cleverest you ever saw and putting on smart little bows and tiny blossoms and hats for little maidens and just the sort you would hunt other places for weeks at a time for. Seems nice, does it not, for this kindly mannered, gentle Mrs. Huber to relieve our minds of so much responsibility.

Miss Clifford just beyond—now don't accuse me of getting millinery on the brain—caters to the persons who are looking for the very latest in the cathedral shades of red and lavender and who are canvassing the town with a sample of one of these in despair. She makes a specialty of costume hats and my, such flowers as she has displayed. Try her, Harriet, for your dull garnet, you know now by the stilted name of cathedral.

I must go (whisper) to a certain swagger dinner dance to be given at a popular club, and of which I've sworn to say naught.

Au revoir,
LUCILLE.

One of the things which emphasizes the growth of Los Angeles is that the opening of new first class restaurants and hotels apparently has no effect on the business of the old established concerns. Levy's restaurant and the Alexandria hotel opened almost on the same day yet concerns like the Angelus hotel are doing more business than ever. I happened to be at the Angelus grill last Saturday and again on Monday and it was "playing to S. R. O." as theatrical people would term it. The Angelus was the scene of the Yale Alumni's annual banquet on the 22nd inst., and the Congregational Club had some kind of doings there this week.

On the Stage and Off



Marshall P. Wilder

At the Orpheum

Any sincere effort directed to the worthy production of Shakespearean plays should be treated with respect, and in these days when so many actors venture upon the delivery of blank verse, too often without the knowledge that it will alone secure respectful treatment, it becomes a difficult task to do justice to their efforts and at the same time to avoid the appearance of indulgence in carping criticism.

Yet, after all, there is a certain standard of excellence by which all who attempt the work that has made certain of their predecessors famous must be weighed and judged.

Those who are acquainted with the history of the

stage know that a great revolution has taken place in the interpretation of Shakespearean plays since the time when Forrest and Macready were regarded as the all sufficient exponents of the "legitimate" drama. The stilted style of declamation with its unmeaning rising inflections and unwarranted use of emphasis, its artificial climaxes has been discredited. Unfortunately the revulsion has been carried too far, so that many a modern actor considers himself entitled to ignore all metrical laws and covers up his ignorance by converting verse into halting prose.

The only actor on the American stage who knew how to steer a middle course by avoiding the extravagances of the old school and the slovenliness of the new, was Edwin Booth whose natural methods won admiration even from those who were unable to formulate the difference of his style from that of others. Booth never forgot in his interpretation of Shakespeare that he was speaking the lines of a poet and he never attempted to make those lines sound like the prosaic utterances of a nineteenth century hero.

Mr. Hanford who has been presenting "Othello" and "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Mason Opera house in the past week is an actor who clings to traditions of the past to an extent that interferes with the usefulness of his work to the student of the present day. This is particularly the case with "Othello" which is very unevenly rendered, but with a strong tendency to mouth his lines, as in his "apology" before the senate, and to rant them in other places without sufficient provocation. Both he and the leading members of his company have an aggravating tendency to use the explanatory method of delivery in quieter moments, and by undue pauses and unnecessary and recurrent emphasis make obvious endeavors to instruct their audience in the literal sense and meaning of every adjective and substantive they use.

But if Mr. Hanford's Othello was not satisfactory it must be freely allowed that his personation of Petruchio was admirable, also that Mrs. Hanford makes a capital Katharine. The company, too, is far better fitted and shows itself more at home in comedy, than in the halting and fearful delivery of tragic lines.

Neither the excellent stage management of George Barnum nor the talent of the individual members of the Belasco Theater stock company can save the current week's offering, which consists of an alleged "farceical comedy" in three acts entitled "There and Back." The weakness of the title is a forecast of the weakness of the author's work. Its failure is not due to the company in any degree, for its work along the line of farce has been fully tested and not found wanting.

But this piece has the greatest defect of all. It wants snap. Its third act which is designed to be excruciatingly funny becomes wearisome. A dramatist is driven to great straits when he tries to get laughs over the grief of two women who are supposed to have just received the news of the drowning at sea of their respective husbands.

The actors did their best but it was not in their power to galvanize an unfunny piece into any semblance of life.

Miss Lawton did excellently and so did Miss Farington with the material given them. Miss Brissac was piquante and Miss Langham unintelligible. Bernard was a Piccadilly fop in appearance instead of the character he was supposed to assume. Yerance was a good Scotsman. If his dialect was not understood, it was by those who do not realize that the better it is spoken the more difficult it is for the Sassenach to follow it. Galbraith and Barnum as the pair of husbands, did all they could to make the piece a go, but Barnum is for once cast out of his line and except for his brief appearance in kilts was not convincing. Nor did he look the father of the little cherub that sucked so contentedly at its bottle while the noise was going on around it.

"The Imperial Highway" at Morosco's Burbank theater is a revival of a drama presented at the same house in May last when it was a good drawing card and it is sustaining its reputation this week. Some alterations have been made in the text and the cast is to quite an extent an altered one. It is a melodrama of the "Prisoner of Zenda" type, full of heroics and sword play, loud voices, arrests, police agents and narrow escapes. There is not a note of sincerity in it from beginning to end, but it pleases the large audiences who like to hear a plain American citizen bully a live emperor and to see a persecuted empress avow her love for the American who has taken military service under the emperor aforesaid. Dashing uniforms, gallant bearing, glittering robes and fair women make an ensemble that cannot fail to please. It is perhaps a mistake to put the low comedy man into a serious part, because when he exclaims in great distress of mind, "Her hair was torn in front and her dress 'dissevelled,'" instead of "Her dress was torn in front and her hair dishevelled," it brings a laugh in the wrong place. But the piece requires a lot of strenuous exertion and the players play it for all it is worth and each of its four acts is so crowded with incidents as to be equal to a separate drama.

"Jim Bludso" which was announced for next week at this house has been withdrawn after rehearsal, and "Too Much Johnson" substituted. A wise change.

Lillian Burkhart-Goldsmith is playing what is called a farewell engagement at the Orpheum, appearing in the clever little play, "A Strenuous Daisy." The fair young actress's friends, and they include her entire public, will not take this "farewell" seriously. Her talents are too brilliant and her future too well assured not to permit the expectation that she will soon again be heard of in the dramatic circles that she so well adorns.

GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

Orpheum—Marshall P. Wilder, popular raconteur, will head the bill next week. Thos. J. Keogh and Co. will present "The Way He Won Her," a farce sketch. Sullivan and Pasquelena return with their success "A Newsboy's Appeal." Watson and Morrisey, novelty singers and dancers will be new. For her second and last week Lillian Burkhart will present another playlet of laughter entitled "Jessie's Jack and Jerry," by Francis Livingstone. Holdovers are Piccolo midgets, Agnes Mahr, the toe dancer,

and Mlle. Chester's Statue Dog. New motion pictures.

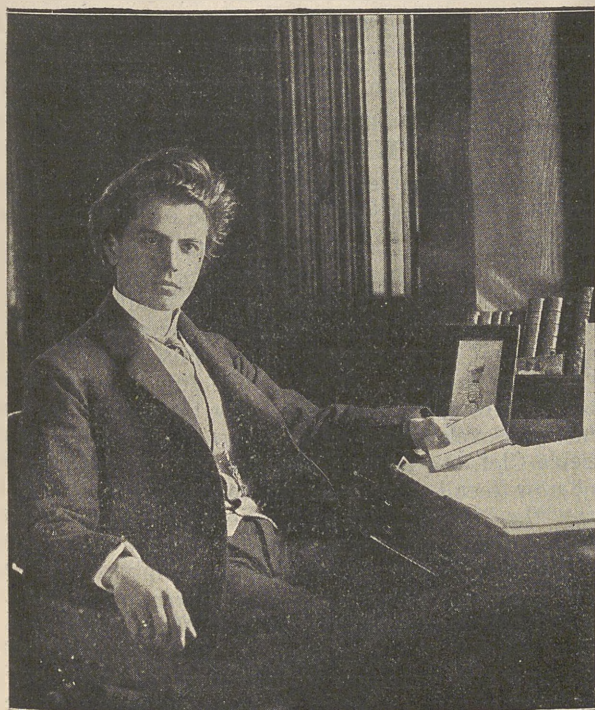
Grand—Pollard's Lilliputian Opera Company returns next week for a farewell before sailing for Australia. The following will be their repertoire: Sunday matinee and night and Monday night, "The Geisha;" Tuesday matinee and Thursday evening, by request, "A Gaiety Girl;" Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, by request, "A Runaway Girl;" Friday night, "Pinafore;" Saturday matinee and night "An American Millionaire."

Morosco's—William Gillette's exceedingly popular comedy, "Too Much Johnson," will be the bill next week. Gillette's play has all the fun of a farce and the construction of a comedy. The stock company, including as it does, several admirable comedians, should be seen to advantage. The play is being prepared under Manager Morosco's personal direction.

Belasco's—"The Secret of Polichinelle," a charming comedy in which that clever character actor William H. Thompson achieved a great success two seasons ago, will be given its first production in Los Angeles next week.

Mason—Dark next week, save for the Shrine Minstrels. The next attraction will be "Little Johnny Jones," beginning Monday, April 2, with a Saturday matinee. This is the musical comedy that has made the name of George M. Cohan famous throughout the country, and placed him in the first rank of native authors.

The enthusiastic Shriner press agent tunes his lyre as follows: At last we are to have the "big show," the "three-ring circus," the "aerial motor-boat" of refined entertainment, the greatest display of histrionic talent ever introduced to a Los Angeles audience, the Shrine Minstrels. Next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, March 29, 30 and 31, this



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"IT IS TO LAUGH." YES!!!

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THE ARAB PATROL SHRINE MINSTRELS

Introducing FRENCH COURT "FIRST PART," MAGNIFICENT OLIO, A SHRINER GARDEN PARTY, "HAILING THE NATIONS".

A \$10.00 show for only \$2.00. Don't miss it. The only one in a lifetime. Seats on sale at Mason Box Office Monday, March 26. Telephones 70.

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Next Week—Commencing Sunday Matinee

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Both Phones 525 Regular Matinee Saturdays & Sundays

Prices—Evenings 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c

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Sunday Matinee and Sunday
and Monday Nights } THE GEISHA

Tuesday Matinee and
Thursday Night } "A GAIETY GIRL" (By Request

Tuesday and
Wednesday Nights } "A RUNAWAY GIRL" (By Request

Friday
Night } PINAFORE

Saturday Matinee
and Night } "An American Millionaire"

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday and Saturday, 10c and 25c

Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c

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MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Commencing Monday, March 26

MARSHALL P. WILDER, Prince of Entertainers and Entertainers of Princes.
THOS. J. KEOGH & Co., Presenting "The Way He Won Her."
SULLIVAN & PASQUELENA, In Their Comedy Singing Hit "The Newsboy's Appeal."
WATSON & MORRISY, Novelty Singers and Dancers
FOUR PICCOLO MIDGETS.
AGNES MAHR, The American Tommy Atkins
MLE, CHESTER'S STATUE DOG.
ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES, Latest Novelties
SECOND AND LAST WEEK OF THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE,
MISS LILLIAN BURKHART and Company, Presenting the Playlet of Laughter, "JESSIE'S JACK AND JERRY."

Matinees Daily

Except Mondays, 10c and 25c

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Last times of the irresistible farce

"There and Back"

Next Week Commencing Monday Evening Revival
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"When Knighthood was in Flower"

with EUGENIA THAIS LAWTON as
MARY TUDOR

Belasco prices never change. Every night 25c to 75c.
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Matinee Saturday; performance to-night; last times of

"THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY"

Week starting Sunday afternoon, Matinee Saturday,
the big Burbank Stock Company in William Gillette's
Inimitable Comedy

"Too Much Johnson"

Matinees every Sunday and Saturday. 10c and 25c,
no higher. Evenings 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c

Children under five not admitted

Chutes Park and Theater

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Open Air Concerts Every Afternoon and Classical Concerts in Heated
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A Special Attraction is

THE IGORROTE VILLAGE

Twenty-five Head-Hunting Wild People from the Philippine Islands.

Prof. Blick's Troupe of Educated SeaLions

Continuous Performance.

ONE HUNDRED OTHER UNIQUE ATTRACTIONS OF MERIT

great aggregation of talent will pitch their tents upon the Mason theater stage. The Arab Patrol commanded by Mr. Perry W. Weidner and consisting of Messrs. Leo V. Youngworth, John H. Nightingale, and William E. Oliver on the left, upholding the dignity of the "bones," and Messrs. Henry G. Krohn, David Martin, and Dr. Albert Smith as "tambos" on the right, will usher in a most elaborate French Court "first part," added to which will be the great premiers, Mr. L. J. C. Spruance as bones, and Mr. Frank Bryson as tambos, assisted by a coterie of singers not to be duplicated by any minstrels on earth, including Messrs. F. B. McComas, J. D. Walker, W. J. Chick and Jackson Gregg, the famous Shrine Quartet. The olio will be something to be long remembered, Sheads and Wunderlich, the mandolin, guitar and zither kings, in refined selections; Walter Goldsmith, "180 laughs in 180 minutes," presenting humorous songs; the Brothers Espe, champion tumblers, acrobats and equilibrists; the Incomparable Foss, novelty and artistic club swinger. Don't miss L. H. Schwaebe, the famous fashion plate, or Robert Wankowski, the king of the air, the highest salaried artists on the American stage; Francis M. Parker, the Prince of Darkness, magician extraordinary, and Oscar Lawler, the reincarnation of terpsichore. Don't overlook the Shriner's Garden Party, and the original musical absurdity, "Hailing the Nations." The reserved seat sale opens tomorrow morning at the Mason box office, and each purchaser will be limited to ten seats or less, which is a prudent idea, as already speculators are endeavoring to secure blocks of seats at an enormous advance, and Chief Auble has detailed a platoon of police to quell any riot in the lobby.

In the Musical World

I wonder what the Lyric Club thought of the reference in a local paper to its recent concert as a "semi-social, semi-musical event?" The concert last week was classed in such category by one writer. Think of it! To have that program denominated "semi-musical." What an outrage on femininity! Perhaps the reporter's eye was nonplussed by the hundreds of invitations, the dozens of bouquets and the general air of a society function, and perhaps, he had no ear. Such club concerts, however, reach a public, part of which otherwise would hear but little good music. One sees many faces on these occasions that never appear at an artist's recital or a symphony concert. Poke all the fun you please at these concerts, but they are doing their share for the musical development of the city. The Ellis, the Treble Clef, the Lyric clubs, and perhaps others I do not now recall, give a dozen concerts a year which draw the full capacity of the house—because admission is gratis. Simpson auditorium seats about 1200 or 1500, so you can do your own multiplying and see how many individual pairs of ears are ministered to by the generous musical spirits of these clubs.

But all this is a long way from the Lyric concert. The club now numbers seventy women, and though the mass of tone is not as large as one would expect from so many voices, the fact remains that seventy women are receiving sound musical drill each week

and are developing their musical instincts in a way that must have an effect on their lives and on those of their families. For I should imagine that a number of these smiling damsels of seemingly twenty years are perhaps nearer forty and have homes of their own to look after. Then there are other damsels, who, if they keep on displaying their facial and musical charms in the Lyric club, will soon have opportunity to possess homes of their own.

Seriously speaking, more good is done the future musical atmosphere by a woman's club than a man's, though it is admitted on all sides that mere man needs this kind of culture more than lovely woman. The reason is found in the power woman has to impress the next generation. The four hundred women in the various singing societies and orchestras of Los Angeles have an immense leverage for musical culture. They will take greater enjoyment in good music themselves and will unconsciously impart it to those in their charge. Their influence will radiate a thousand fold in twenty years.

Mr. Poulin is developing a strong musical feeling in this club. He made his program of a mixture of heavier and lighter numbers, the former not being too dense for the populace and the latter not too trivial to have points of excellence. The Wagner and Elgar choruses, though the heaviest of the program, were among the best sung—which augurs well for the future work of the club. The shading of the lighter numbers was well carried out. This is a feature on which the director lays particular stress. His first care—natural to a Frenchman, even an American Frenchman—is polish, while that of a German would be breadth of tone.

The club offered a variety of soloists from its own membership, a good plan and due to the members when there is sufficient talent. It was notable that the Misses Kellam and Christin, the principal soloists, both featured that tremolo style of singing which was so much the lamentable fashion in this city five or ten years ago—due to the efforts in that direction of one or two locally prominent teachers. Of late this tremolo-stop singing happily has gone out of fashion locally, due doubtless, to the quantity of first-class singers who have been heard here in the meanwhile. When produced by nervousness this exaggerated vibration is forgivable in the amateur; but when it is the result of copying the faults of a teacher or of a partially tight throat, used either unconsciously or as an affectation, it cannot be decried too strongly.

Writing of this concert brings to mind a comparison with local musical conditions of five years ago. Then the only sign of activity in these lines was the last expiring effort of Mr. F. A. Bacon to make choral concerts pay. He gave it up in disgust, so he said, but I have a pretty good idea that he did not lose any money in his ventures. Bacon is not broiled that way. Since then the Ellis club returned to life, the Treble Clef resumed its activities and dissensions, the Lyric club was formed of the secessionists, Mr. Jahn started his Choral society and Mr. Barnhart his Apollo club. When one stops to think that five years ago none of these was in operation, one can realize the growth in musical interest there has been

in Los Angeles recently.

I think that if Fred Bacon had stayed in the field he could have built a society that would have combined the best elements of both the present ones. But he gave it up just at a time when it might have begun to pay him bigger dividends. Instead of this he went to farming or peanut raising—no, it is walnuts, I believe,—and incidentally teaches at Claremont college. He tried his hand at being president of a mining company—and isn't quite dead yet. Someone asked me the other day if Bacon was dead. One wouldn't think so to see him scurrying up Broadway from the Santa Fe depot, in "Just 13 seconds to spare," style.

For a certain class of artists, Los Angeles is held to be one of the best paying concert cities in the country—for those who have had large advertising of a sensational nature, such as Paderewski, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Calve, Galski. Others, who do as good work—so far as a layman can judge, and the audiences are practically made up of such—but do not have the sensational advertising, are given perhaps one-fourth the patronage, which brings to mind an editorial paragraph in a recent number of the Musical Courier on the subject of artists' concerts in New York, in which the writer said, "Why come to New York at all, where solo concerts do not pay and must be given before audiences consisting of dead-heads, dead-beats and music critics? Why not ignore this town and make the artistic appeal to the West, the North and the South, where there is an intelligent public and honest critics?" Behold, ye who would quarrel with the criticisms in the local papers concerning your efforts on the concert stage. For has not the Courier said we are an honest lot? It might be noted also that the writer does not say "erudite," simply "honest." Many an ignoramus is honest. The local musicians admit we of the pen are an ignorant lot, but our reputation for honesty is unsmirched, even in the town of Hyde, McCurdy and Depew.

I wish to lay a flower on the grave of Mr. Kubel, though it be a modest blossom. A man such as he, learned, honest, fearless, who will take up the pen in behalf of good music, is a God-send to any community. Though many thought his words harsh at times, it must be remembered that when people come before the footlights it is not supposed they do so to be coddled and flattered. I had not the honor of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Kubel, yet I had all respect for his erudition and his keen judgment. His

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place in the public press will not be filled for many a day, at least not till Mr. Stevenson is again persuaded to take up his pen. There are all too few men of erudition and artistic experience who can and will take the place of the poorly-paid public teacher, and so able a one as Mr. Kubel can ill be spared.

After an extended hiatus in the musical season, so far as artist concerts are concerned, the fast was broken by Raoul Pugno last Tuesday evening at Simpson auditorium. This artist came with a reputation not only for being a great French pianist, but for being a great pianist. This is a distinction with difference. France is one of the most self-satisfied countries in the world. What a Frenchman does in art is right; what an outsider accomplishes does not matter. As a result of this provincial spirit, French art in all lines has a certain personality that differs from world-art, to coin a term. In many respects it is of the finest, most delicate, but it often lacks breadth.

But here is a cosmopolitan, my masters, a Frenchman with all the nicer attributes of French inheritance, yet a man of wide artistic sympathies. Notice his program of last Tuesday; not a native French composer on it save the performer himself, and he content with one little number! The bill was made up from Bach, Handel, Schumann, Germans; Scarlatti, the Italian;; Chopin, the Pole; Liszt, the Hungarian. Truly Mr. Pugno is catholic in his art.

Furthermore, the player is highly successful in the ability with which he passes from the style of one epoch to that of another. In this he is like the actor who can portray the graceful inanities of the court of Louis XIV, the sturdy brusqueness of that of Frederick the Great, and again, perchance, the independence of a colonial beau. Pugno has attained a commanding position beyond the borders of France because of his largeness of vision, his broad sympathy, and his poise and balance. In most matters he has a delightful sense of proportion, though his whirlwind speed gave a Gallic touch to the Bach fugue. He takes a large grasp of larger things than do most French artists. In fact, Pugno is as near a German as he dare be, and remain a Frenchman. His work was an unexcelled display of virtuosity only marred by a blurring pedal and a none too sympathetic instrument.

It is perhaps natural that my sympathies should largely go out to an artist who has such a one-ness with the composers of my Fatherland; for when can a German entirely forget that he once was a German though he now be an American? But here is one who pays this tribute to a Frenchman; now let us sing the "Wacht am Marseillaise."

A. SHARP.

With a great deal of pleasure I give space to this communication from Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott addressed to "A. Sharp."

Will you allow me to show to what extent the "missionary spirit" is developed in the management of the Lott-Rogers series of concerts. I refer to your most excellent article of March tenth reviewing the last concert.

At the beginning of the season two hundred postal cards were sent to the various teachers of music in Los Angeles mentioning the continuance of the concerts and announcing that Student Tickets were available to all who would present a card from the teacher.

Special advertisements were printed in the papers giving the same information.

My pride will not permit me to divulge the number of such tickets sold so far.

At the next concert (postponed to April 19) the Krauss Quartet will give the program and if enough interest is shown in this program, arrangements will be made for the Quartet to appear in the series next season.

The string quartet is the highest form of chamber music and it is a great pity that we should not have enough pride in an excellent organization like Mr. Krauss's to enable them to give here the unusual programs they give in Miss Coleman's series in Pasadena.

Yours most cordially,

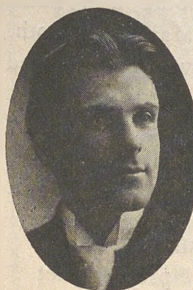
BLANCHE R. LOTT.

March twentieth.

Local Notes

Jan Kubelik, the great Bohemian violinist, will give two concerts at Simpson auditorium next Tuesday evening, March 27, and Saturday matinee, March 31. It is not often that a renowned violin virtuoso plays twice in a city the size of Los Angeles owing to the fact that sufficient guarantees can not be raised, but Los Angeles (being the musical center of the Southwest, will twice hear the Wizard, Kubelik. Kubelik has been in this country since last November. Those who recall the enthusiasm of New York over him two years ago will be prepared to enjoy a great musical treat when he plays here. Many Los Angelans heard Kubelik in New York, and these are the ones who will not miss the chance of repeating that unusual pleasure here.

The second concert to be given by the Los Angeles Choral Association under the direction of Julius Albert Jahn will take place at the Mason opera house Tuesday evening, April 17, at which time will be presented Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The association will be assisted by the Symphony Orchestra and an excellent corps of soloists. Tom Karl will be the tenor and Harry Barnhart will sing the bass solos in "Stabat Mater." Mrs. Catherine Collette is the soprano for the "Hymn of Praise," while Maude Reese Davies, soprano, and Norma Rockhold Robbins, contralto, will sing in the Rossini production. The Fifth concert of the Symphony orchestra will take place at the Mason opera house Friday, March 30, at 3:30 p. m. The opening overture is "La Chasse" by Mehul. The symphony is Brahms's spirited Second in D major. A third number is by the young English composer, Edward German, three dances from "Nell Gwynne." A fourth selection is the entire acte music from "King Manfred." The soloist for this concert is Beatrice Hubbell Plummer, a well known local soprano.



has given us many noted singers.

Mr. Wm. Mills, whose beautiful tenor voice which was heard above the student chorus in Old Heidelberg at the Belasco the first week, was missed during the rest of the engagement. Mr. Mills without doubt possesses one of the purest lyric tenors in Southern California today, he being one of the famous boy sopranos of Minneapolis. He is a pupil of Marquis Ellis, who

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The Consolidated Securities Co., fiscal agents of the Golden State Motor Car Co., are encouraged by the interest investors are taking in the local project. The proposed plant will be the second here that is able to turn out a car designed and manufactured in every detail by home capital, skill and brawn. The Tourist, the first car built in this section, is already in high favor. A page of explicit information concerning the new venture can be found in this issue of the "Graphic."

Autos and Autoists

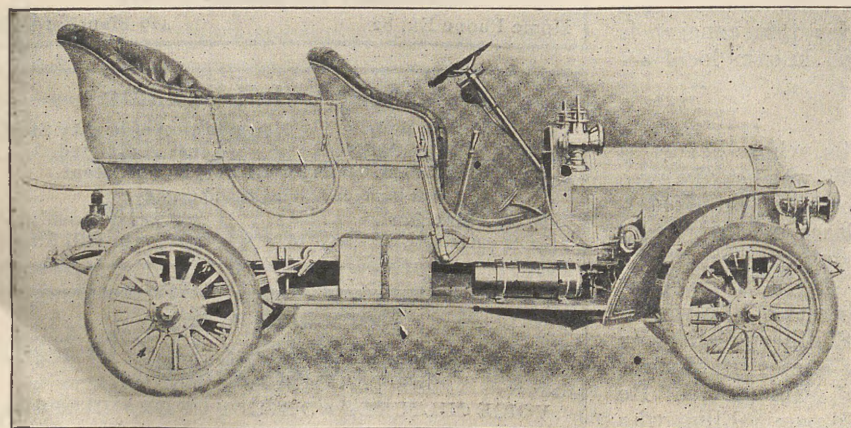
"Better roads," is the slogan of every automobile enthusiast in the State of California today, and right here in Los Angeles County the refrain reaches to extreme altitude. Visitors to Mount Lowe, recently, have remarked that they thought they could detect the echo coming up all the way from Pasadena. If the indications which are to be seen on every hand form any criterion, it may be stated with a good deal of certainty that the next Legislature will be politely asked to pass a law which will contemplate the immediate building of many miles of first-class roads, and the repair of many miles more. Tourists have been heard to remark with a great deal of disgust and heat that of all the bad roads they have ever seen those of Los Angeles County are about the worst. I have discussed this matter with many automobile dealers, and the prevailing opinion seems to be that nothing may be expected of the Board of Supervisors or the City Council, but that the Legislature must be appealed to if relief is wanted.

Recent rains temporarily put all the roads in the State out of commission, but it is said all have recovered except those around Los Angeles or within one hundred miles of here.

Robert Atkinson, of the White Garage, has some suggestions to make regarding the modus operandi for getting better roads. In discussing the outlook he said:

"We hope to get no money from the City Council. The members of the finance committee tell us that not enough money is derived from taxation to run the various municipal departments. It is certain that this city has outgrown the old tax rate, and special dispensation will have to be obtained from the Legislature permitting the rate to be raised. In some states, especially in Missouri, many miles of roads are built and kept in repair by taxing saloons what they should pay. In Missouri the saloons have to pay \$600 to \$800 a year each, and the money thus

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derived goes to schools and roads, each fund getting a half. The result is that St. Louis, St. Joseph, and many other Missouri cities are noted for their fine roads. On the other hand, this county charges less to the saloon keeper for the privilege of selling liquor than any other county of any size in the United States. If we could get \$600 from every saloon in this county, and would divide the money thus raised equally between the schools and roads, a wonderful improvement in our highways would immediately be noticeable. Such a law is greatly needed in California, and should be passed. People generally are becoming awakened to the need of better roads, and when it is understood that the Supervisors and Councilmen are powerless to aid us, I believe a concerted effort will be made to get the Legislature to take action. California is famous for many things; why shouldn't it be famous for its good roads?"

This talk of good roads isn't confined to the man behind the wheel of an automobile by any means, but just now, perhaps, the strongest "holler" is coming from him, because he is on the roads in greater numbers than any other class except farmers, and from travelers comes the loudest wail in times of trouble. And this State certainly is in trouble in regard to roads. As one dealer remarked a week or so ago, it would be possible to lose a wheelbarrow in some of the holes in the road between this city and Pasadena. With oil as cheap as it is here, there is no reason why, with the proper amount of capital, many miles of firstclass roads should not be built in this county, and the notoriously bad old roads put into good condition.

L. C. Lull, manager of the Auto Vehicle Company, Tenth and Main streets, has just returned to this city, after an extended tour through the east, where he took in all the automobile shows and races.

The 1906 Tourist, manufactured in Los Angeles by the Auto Vehicle Company, is not yet out, but some surprises are expected when the new car makes its initial appearance. There are many who feel as I do—that a home industry of this kind deserves to be encouraged—and I notice that this car is popular. There are plenty of them to be seen on the streets, and the Tourist seems to hold its own with many of the more pretentious and higher priced cars which are manufactured thousands of miles from here.

Speaking of home made cars—E. Jr. Bennett tells me that the day is not far distant when runabouts costing from \$400 to \$800 will be on every street in the city, and they will be cars of the same order which are sold here today for many hundreds more.

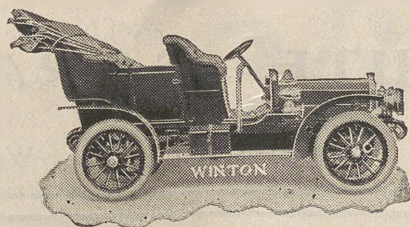
"Materials are high, and that keeps the price up," said Mr. Bennett. "When materials come down, of course prices of cars will, too. But there is a movement right now for lower priced cars, and I believe fairly good little runabouts will be on the market before long which will sell as low as \$400. Of course, these cars won't be as satisfactory or complete in every way as the car costing \$1200 to \$2,000, but they will do for the man who has \$400 and not \$1000 to spend for an automobile.

"Then there are patents and royalties which have a tendency to keep the price of cars up. But bicycles were \$150 when they first came out, and now more

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satisfactory wheels can be had for \$25. Improvements are being made all the time, and gradually the cheaper car will make its way. Of course, there are some cars which probably will not get cheaper. There is no desire to cut down the expenses, for they are bought by people who don't care very much what a car costs. Such people wouldn't care for a cheaper car. One thing is certain, and that is that it would be almost impossible to make a car cheaper than autos are sold today and put in the same materials. There is so much competition that prices are about as low as the traffic will bear. And it costs a good deal to keep up with the times, to be making new improvements all the time. Smaller, lighter cars, as I have said, will yet make their appearance on the market, and as they will be simpler, and will cost less to manufacture, they will be sold for less than the cars which are now on the market."

What constitutes a really high-grade touring car? What should be its capabilities? Workmanship, material, design, and finish, in the order named, form perhaps the true test. A demonstration may mean much or little according to the views of the purchaser, but no car should be selected which has not hill-climbing ability, for in this state one can

figure on having ten per cent of the running on the grade. To combine the artistic with the strictly practical is a difficult matter, yet it is a fact that the Winton "K," Stoddard-Dayton, Model D, and "Reo" are a trio by themselves in this respect, and lead in giving general satisfaction.

Some of the true sports who are after a runabout that flies with the wind should call on Leon T. Shetler at 633 S. Grand Ave., and persuade him to give them a whirl in the "Baby Reo." This little car is the real skidoo speed fiend besides being a marvel of simplicity for the amateur autoist to master. The writer had a ride and special demonstration in from the Chutes directly after the Gans-Sullivan St. Patrick's day embroglio, the Reo aftermath of thrills proving just the caper to spice the chilly air and limber up a down-to-zero circulation. You were there? Why, to be sure; then you're on!

"Uncle Bill" Ruess is a conspicuous figure on the streets these days, as he goes hipering along in "My Merry Oldsmobile." That tuneful air, by the way, is about the best advertiser an auto could possibly have. At one of the theaters, last week, the orchestra played "My Merry Oldsmobile," and then had to play about six encores. The gods whistled — as gods

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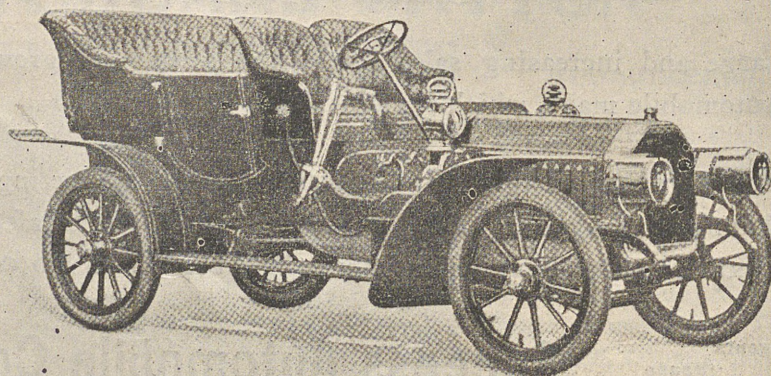
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always do—but the effect was very pretty.

But this machine doesn't need so much advertising as some people might think. It is a real seller, and the only difficulty seems to be in getting cars enough. If you don't believe, ring up the White Garage. They'll tell you.

A. Roberts has purchased a Wayne light touring car of E. Jr. Bennett, and will start on a tour of Southern California as soon as the roads are in condition.

Mr. Bennett expects soon to be doing business at 1203 South Main street, where there will be a large sign on the front window reading "E. Jr. Bennett Automobile Company." Mr. Bennett will run a garage and repair shop in connection with his sales room. He now is doing business in the rear of his future quarters.

Since the 1906 Waynes came out, Mr. Bennett has sold sixteen runabouts.

J. M. Pawley, who will have a salesroom alongside that of Mr. Bennett, is occupying temporary quarters on Twelfth st., in the rear of where he soon will display his shingle. Mr. Pawley expects to receive a shipment of Peerless cars next week.

E. E. Hendrick, of Carpendale, Pa., who spends his winters here, where he is president of the Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company, has purchased a White steamer.

About the first of April the new two-cycle White, which is an innovation, and has been making a great hit in the east, will be received here. A demonstrator will be sent on ahead of the first carload, and we may expect to see Brother Atkinson make a big killing when his "choo choo" car arrives. It is more like a railroad locomotive than any other car on the market, and is said to be the terror of the hills, as it mounts steep grades with the greatest ease and least amount of puffing imaginable.

This car will sell for \$1350. It is popular because there is less mechanism in it than in the four-cycle automobile. The exhaustion inlet valves are eliminated, and compression is got through the crank case instead of the cylinders. Compressed gas is let into the cylinders through ports, and then the spark-er ignites and causes an explosion. In this way an

explosion is obtained every revolution of the piston instead of every other revolution.

J. M. Willcox & Son, 130 East Ninth street, expect soon to remove to the Capito Carriage Company's building, where Messrs. Pawley, Bennett and others also will be. The Maxwell car will be found at 1211-1213 South Main street.

When this was written, two carloads of Maxwells had been sold before they had arrived from the east.

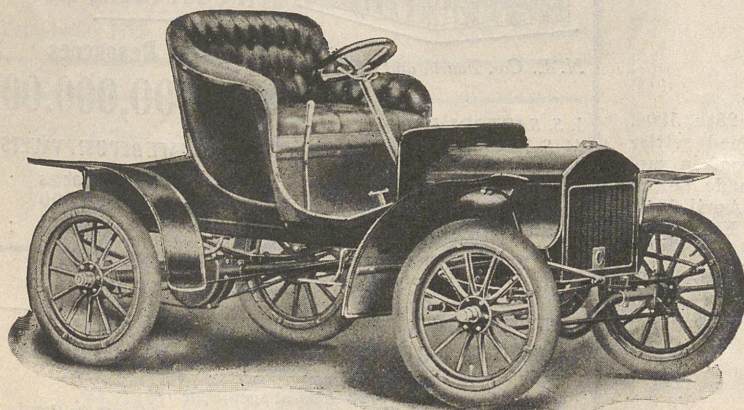
Mr. Willcox reports recent sales of Maxwell runabouts and touring cars to F. W. Hubby, Nordhoff; Wood Redington Machinery Company, Santa Barbara; R. H. Hathaway, Los Angeles; C. C. Smith, Riverside; S. C. Headley, Covina; LeRoy Leonard, Pasadena, and F. L. Herrick, Riverside.

Ralph Hamlin has an automobile show all of his own out at 1806 South Main street. The distinctive features of this exhibit is that all the cars are Franklins. There are 1906 Franklins of every model and hue, and there are a score of them. As I said recently, Brother Ralph laid in a big supply of cars against the open season for automobiles in the east. Now he can sit in his little glass partitioned office and count the dollars as they come in, and never budge from his stool. But he's naturally too energetic and enthusiastic to do anything of that kind, and I'm willing to bet my last collar button that before very long he will be wiring back to the factory for some more Benjamin F's.

John Parkinson, the architect, recently purchased a twenty horse power Franklin, and A. R. Maines now has a twelve horse power model G. **E. E.**

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Los Angeles, Cal., March 2nd, 1906.

Notice of Application for United States Patent.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Act of Congress, approved May 10th, 1872, William B. Wall, President and the duly authorized agent to apply for U. S. Patent for THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY, a corporation, whose post office address is Santa Ana, California, the said THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY being the owner of the PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, has made application for patent for said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, said claim being a placer situated in the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District, County of Los Angeles, State of California, being the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, of Section 18, T. 3 North, Range 15 West, S. B. M., according to the U. S. Government survey, containing forty (40) acres.

Said claim is bounded on the north and east by patented lands of John W. Saunders, on the south by patented lands of the Pacific Coast Oil Company and on the west by patented land of Martin Clint.

The notice of location of said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM is of record in the office of the Recorder of Los Angeles County, in Book 3 of Mining Locations, page 224, and in the records of the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District in Book "F" of said records, page 170, Los Angeles County, California.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground above described, or any portion thereof, are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed as according to law and the regulations thereunder, within the time prescribed by law, with the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, they will be barred in virtue of the provisions of said statute.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

It is hereby ordered, that the foregoing notice of application for patent be published for nine consecutive weeks in the Graphic, a weekly newspaper published in the City of Los Angeles, State of California.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-9t

Notice for Publication.**DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.**

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., February 28th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on April 14th, 1906, viz.: Rufus Clayton White, Homestead Entry No. 9407, for the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 25, W. $\frac{1}{2}$ of N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ and N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 36, Township 1 N., R. 17 W., S. B. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.:

Philip Lesueur, Sr., of Calabasas, Cal.
Philip Lesueur, Jr., of Calabasas, Cal.
William C. Masson, of Los Angeles, Cal.
C. F. Greenleaf, of Santa Monica, Cal.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-5t

Financial

R. A. Rowan & Co. have leased the ground floor location in the Severance building, Los Angeles, to the Citizens National Bank to be used as a branch of that institution.

W. B. Ames, president of the Cooperative Home Builders and American Mercantile Agency has organized a savings bank which will open in the Severance building, Los Angeles, May 1 Associated with Mr. Ames is A. W. Wright, of San Jacinto.

Samuel M. Allen, 56 years old and a native of Indiana, died at his home in Altadena March 16, after an illness of several months. Deceased has been a resident of Southern California for the past twenty years, and has lived most of that time in Los Angeles and Pasadena. He was for a long time connected with Pasadena banks, and at the time of his death was with the First National Bank of Los Angeles. He leaves a widow and four sons.

George T. Bushnell, cashier of the Cucamonga Bank, died March 18 at his home in Cucamonga, and the body was sent to Upland, whither it was forwarded to the East for interment.

The Board of Directors of the First National Bank of Long Beach has decided to make the new block on Pine avenue six stories instead of five as originally contemplated. This will necessitate a change in the present building and it will probably be entirely demolished and rebuilt to harmonize with the new addition.

The Orange Savings Bank of Santa Ana has incor-

**SECURITY SAVINGS BANK****LARGEST SAVINGS BANK
IN SOUTHERN CAL.**

N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring.

J. S. SARTORI, President
M. S. HELLMAN, Vice-Pres.
J. E. PLATER, Vice-Pres.
W. D. LONGYEAR, Cash.-Sec.
T. Q. HALL, Asst. Cashier
W. M. CASWELL, Asst. Sec.

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\$14,500,000.00****MODERN SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS**
Safety for Valuables
Boxes Rent for \$2.00
a Year and up.**Pacific Coast Mines Bureau****Mining
Investments**

We are fiscal agents for
The Bluebell Gold Mining and Milling Company of California
Tonopah-Wall Street Mining Company
El Dorado-Nevada Mining Company

421 Chamber Commerce

Los Angeles, California

porated. Capital stock, \$25,000 with all subscribed. Directors are W. H. Burnham, D. C. Pixley, F. L. Ainsworth, P. W. Eheln, Henry Dierker.

The Citizens State Bank of Claremont has incorporated. Directors are L. N. Smith, F. E. Graham, Geo. Gencks, G. M. Parsons, W. N. Beach. Capital stock, \$25,000 with all subscribed.

Three hundred residents of Highland Park and visitors attended the banquet given March 13 in the new bank building by the Highland Park Improvement association. The classic structure, built like the new types of banks, specially decorated and ablaze with lights, seemed dedicated to the spirit of progress, judged by the energy, hustle and civic pride manifested by the Highland Parkites present. G. W. E. Griffith, J. W. Merrill, Mrs. Osmond, Mrs. Hammack and others spoke on behalf of the clubs and other interests represented. Their talks dwelt on the growth of Southern California and Los Angeles and Highland Park.

Bonds

The Board of Education of San Diego has decided to ask for \$120,000 bonds instead of \$160,000, as at first contemplated.

The Coldwater School District, Los Angeles County, votes April 6 on an issue of \$5000 bonds.

The voters of Colton have voted affirmatively on the question of issuing \$18,000 school bonds.

Alhambra School District, Los Angeles County, votes April 12 on an issue of \$35,000 school bonds.

Pasadena votes April 25 on an issue of \$200,000 bonds, for electric lighting plant and for fire department purposes.

The Los Angeles Supervisors will sell the \$28,000 school bond issue of Monrovia on April 3.

Calexico School District, San Diego County, votes April 6 on a school bond issue.

Fielding J. Stilson Co.

Paid up Capital \$150,000

Realty Stocks Bonds

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L. A. Stock Exchange

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305 H. W. Hellman Building

Telephone 105

Los Angeles

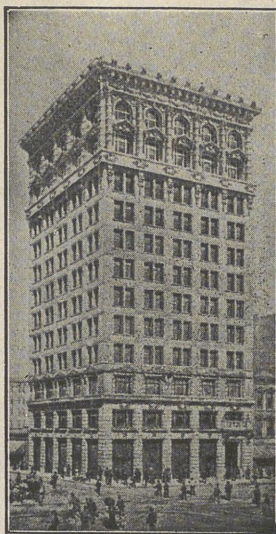
SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you **4 per cent** interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

State Bank and Trust Co.

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00



UNION TRUST BUILDING

Southern California Savings Bank

The Oldest Savings Bank in Southern California

Established January 3, 1885

OVER 30,500

DEPOSITORS

Assets over \$7,800,000

SAFE DEPOSIT

Boxes \$2.00 a year

4% Interest on Term Deposits

S. E. Cor. Fourth
and Spring Sts.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, Jan. 29th, 1906

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$9,009,257.10
Overdrafts	52,328.74
U. S. Bonds	1,559,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	55,169.24
Bonds	749,826.75
Due from U. S.	
Treasurer	62,500.00
Furniture and Fixtures	39,732.76
Cash on Hand	
(Special Deposit)	80,000.00
Cash	\$3,163,234.76
Due from other Banks	
	3,652,978.10
	6,816,272.86
	\$18,424,087.45

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$1,250,000.00
Surplus	250,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,142,450.82
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Special Deposit	
City Treasurer	80,000.00
Deposits	14,451,636.63
	\$18,424,087.45

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars
Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

A Trip Through

Orange Groves

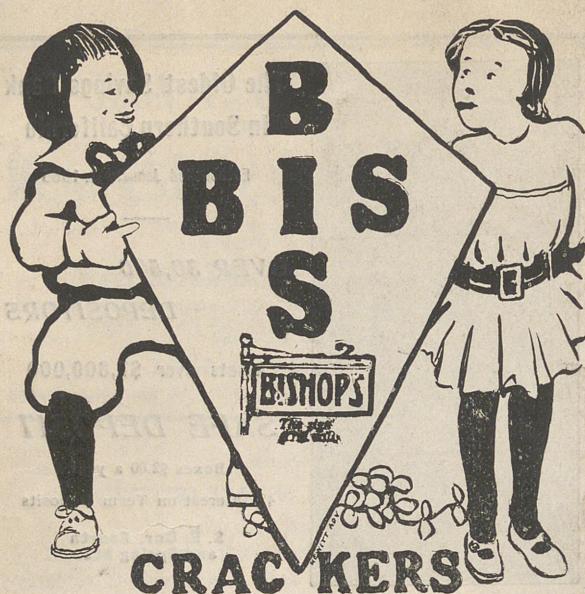
Via "Inside Track"

Special train daily from Arcade Depot at 9:00 a. m. Long stops at Riverside and Redlands. Returning arrive at Los Angeles 6:50 p. m. From Pasadena at 9:05 a. m., except Sunday and on Sunday at 8:20 a. m. Round trip to Redlands (good via Riverside and San Bernardino) \$3.00.

Round trip to Riverside or San Bernardino \$2.75. Tickets good for return day following date of sale. Tickets and information, with illustrated booklet at

261 S. Spring St. cor. 3d, and Arcade Depot

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Said Johnny Bliss
To his little sis,
"These is Great,
These Bis-Bis."

WHEN you want a cracker just as crisp and flaky and tasty as a cracker can be—then you want Bis-Bis. When you want something to satisfy a keen appetite and to please the particular palate—then you want Bis-Bis. *In Five-Cent Packages*

BISHOP & COMPANY

Five Gold Medals Portland Exposition—Jellies and Jams; Preserves; Crystallized Fruits; Caisup, and one for General Exhibit.

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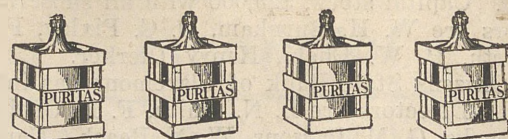
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PURITAS

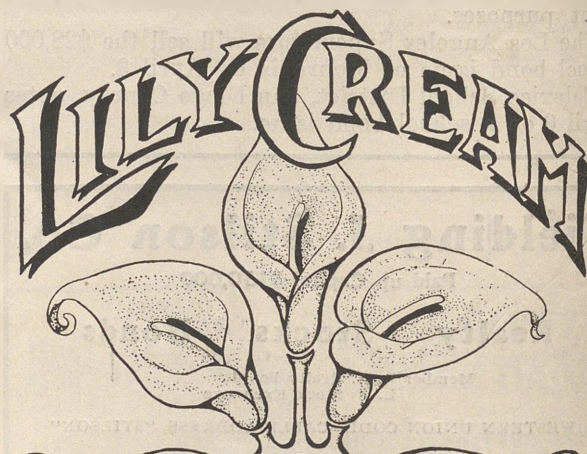
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